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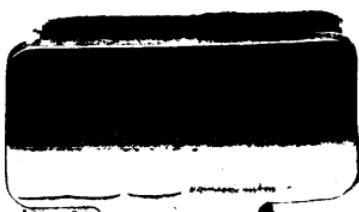
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Trindal's Collection  
= THE

# VISIONS OF TUNDALE;

TOGETHER WITH

## METRICAL MORALIZATIONS

AND

OTHER FRAGMENTS OF EARLY POETRY.

HITHERTO INEDITED.



EDINBURGH:  
THOMAS G. STEVENSON,  
87, PRINCES STREET.

M.DCCC.XLIII.

D.T. FRANC

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# Visions of Tundale.

*Engraved for Thomas G. Stevenson. 1843.*

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TO

JOSEPH WALTER KING EYTON, ESQ.

F. S. A. LOND. ET SCOT.

ELGIN VILLA, LEAMINGTON,

WARWICKSHIRE.

MY DEAR SIR,

WHILE inscribing with your name this little volume, I heartily rejoice in the opportunity afforded me of acknowledging the many kind attentions received at your hand, the pleasure which I have experienced

from your correspondence, and the admiration which I feel for your great *book-chivalry*. It is truly grateful to turn from the cold and selfish utilitarianism of the world around us, to the sympathies of such as delight in retracing the paths of time, and rovelling in the umbrageous pastures of antiquity. And when to the union of taste and means is superadded an inclination to follow, and a judgment to regulate, the pursuits which they mutually command, the fortunate possessors of such may rejoice in a position alike rare and enviable. To that category of favoured mortals you, my dear Sir, have the happiness to belong; so, without further intruding on your patience, or diverting your time from matter more attractive, allow me, in the words of our Northern Poet, to say,

“ **Adieu, dear EYTON ! life and health,  
And store of literary wealth !**”

I am,

Your's, most sincerely,

**W. B. D. D. TURNBULL.**

**EDINBURGH, 25, GREAT KING STREET,  
THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY, 1843.**



## Introduction.

TOWARDS the close of 1837, my friend Mr. David Laing and I printed for private circulation a small volume of early poetry of the 13th and 14th centuries, of which the impression was so excessively restricted, that the book is now, and must ever be, of the utmost rarity.\* The largest portion of that, to collectors, very eximious opuscule, contained the legend of Owain Miles; in the initiatory remarks to which Mr. Laing, referring to cognate works on the fiction illustrated by that poem, makes mention of the 'Visions of Tundale,' contained in the MS. to be immediately noticed, as worthy of publication. A concurrence in opinion has induced me, after an interval not of absolute idlesse, to fulfil an intention

\* *Owain Miles, and other Inedited Fragments of Early English Poetry, in 8vo. Impression, Thirty-two copies.*

then proposed ; and accordingly the present volume, devoted to the preservation of antique versiculos, commences with the marvellous narrative so selected and approved.

The manuscript whence these *Visions of Tundale* and the remaining articles are selected, is a small 4to volume of the 15th century, preserved in the *Advocates' Library*, (Jao. V. 7, 27,) consisting of 216 folios. It was from this same MS. that Mr. Weber printed the “*Huntyng of the Hare*” in his *Collection of Metrical Romances*. *Tundale* occupies folios 98-157 inclusive.

Of this legend, so popular in the middle ages, many versions, both in prose and in verse, exist in divers languages. I am not aware, however, of any one in English having been heretofore printed. Another MS. with very inconsiderable variations, exists in the *Cottonian Collection*, (Caligula, A. ii.) and contains 2176 lines.

The following of the printed *Visions*, all in prose, appear most worthy of notice :—

The earliest with a date bears that of 1473, and was printed at Augsburg in 1473, in folio. Its title is “*Das puch der pein der seien und von den freuden d'erwolton, und ist zu latein gonant Visio Tundali, zu teutsch die gesicht Tundali.*” A copy occurs in Thorpe's Catalogue for 1840, No. 2977. One bearing the date of 1472, but which is a misprint for 1482, was printed at Antwerp by Van der Goes, in 4to. *Leit. Groth*. Also, by an unknown printer, at Hertogenbosch, or Bois-le-Duc, in 1484, and at Delf in 1494, both in 4to.

Another, without place or date, but from the press of Reysor at Eichstadt, about 1475, has this title, — “Inoipit libellus de raptu animæ Tundali et ejus visione, tractans de penis inferni et gaudiis paridisi.” It is in 4to, in Gothic letter, and embellished with 20 quaint woodcuts.

With the same title, also in 4to, and in Gothic letter, and having neither place nor date, an edition was printed by Therhoernen at Cologne. Of this a full account may be seen in the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, IV. p. 31. Besides the Althorpe copy, a very fine one exists in the library of Mr. Grenville, and another is mentioned in Thorpe’s Catalogue for 1838, No. 3764.

“Uon Tondalo dō ritter auss Hybernia eyn wünderlich geschicht, etc. 4to. Gothic letter, with woodcuts; at Augsburg, by Zeissenmair, in 1494; and again at the same place, by Froschauer, in 1508, same size.

In Thorpe’s Catalogue for 1838, No. 3765, one without date, in 4to. is thus titled, “Hier beghint dat bouck van Tondalus Visioen, ende hoe hii siele wt sinen lichame genomen was, ende hoe hii weder on lenendich wart. Antwerpen, by my Gouaert back.” And in the same extensive bookseller’s catalogue for 1840, No. 2976 is stated to be an edition, *sine nota*, consisting of 15 leaves, an entire page containing 30 lines, with curious woodcuts; and apparently unknown to bibliographers.

The latest which I have seen is in my own possession, of date 1576, and consists of 12 leaves in 4to.

with strange cuts. The title-page is "Eenschoone Historie van Tondalus Visioen. Hoe zijn ziele wt ziin lichaem was dry daghen ende dry nachten, ende hoo hy weder leuende wert. THantwerpen, by Pauwels Stroobant, inde Cammerstrate, inden witten Hasewindt."

The *Visions of Tundale* are also contained in the *Sanctilogium Britannie* of John of Tynemouth, (MS. Cott. Tiberius, E. i.) and in the *Speculum Historiale* of Vincent of Beauvais. They also exist in MS. in Magdalon College, Oxford, N. 53.

Concerning the Purgatory of the blessed Saint Patrick, the fullest account will be found in the "Florilegium" of Messingham. The oldest poem is presumed to be that of Marie de Franco, "Le Purgatoire de Saint Patrice," written about the commencement of the 13th century, and analysed by Le Grand D'Aussy, vol. v. p. 93, third edition.

The following curious notice of this storhouse of marvels, occurs in the delightful *Chronicles of Froissart*. I use the charming translation of Lord Berners.\* "On the Friday in the mornyng Sir Wyl liam Lysle and I rode together, and on the waye I demaunded of hym yf he had been with the kyng in the woyage into Irelando. He answered me yes. Than I demaunded of hym the maner of the hole that is in Irelando, called Saynt Patrykis purgatorie, if it were trewe that was sayde of it or not. Than he sayde, that of a suretie suche a hole there was, and that he hymselfe and another knyght of Eng-

\* Vol. ii. p. 610. ed. 1812.

lande hadde ben there whyle the kynge laye at Duuelyn, and sayd howe they entred into the hoole and were closed in at the sonne goyng downe, and abode there all nyght, and the next mornynge issued out agayne at the son risyng. Than I demaunded if he had any such strange sightes or vysions as were spoken of. Than he sayd, howe that whan he and his felowe were entred and past the gate that was called the purgatorie of Saynt Patryke, and that they were discended and gone down thre or four paces, discending downe as into a cellar, a certayn hoote wapure rose agaynst them, and strake so into their heedes, that they were fayne to syt doun on the staros, whiche are of stono ; and after they had sytto thore a season, they hadde great desyre to slepe, and so fell aslepe, and slepte there all nyght. Than I demaunded that if in their slepe they knewe where they were, or what visyons they had. He answered me, that in slepyng they entred into great ymaginacyons and in marvolyous dremes, otherwyse than they were wont to haue in their chambres : and in the mornynge they issued out, and within a shorte season clene forgate their dremes and visyons, wherfor he sayde he thought all that mater was but a fantasy. Than I lefte spekyng any further of that matter, by cause I wolde fayne haue knownen of hym what was done in the voyage in Irelande."

Among many other books on the subject of this saint's Purgatory, may be noticed, " Bouillon, (F.) Histoire de la vie et du Purgatoire de S. Patrice Archevesque et Primat d'Hybernie," Avignon, *sans*

*date, 12mo, and Lyons, 1674, 12mo. Also "Le Voyage du Puys Saint Patrix, auquel lieu on voit les peines du Purgatoire et aussis les joyes de Paradis, Lyons, 1506, 4to."*

Of all the purgatorial legends, the oldest appears to be that of the visions of St. Fursey. These are briefly abstracted in Cressy's Church History of Brittany, p. 354, and in that of the venerable Bede, Vol. I. p. 199, (ed. English Historical Society) from the several Latin accounts of it existing in manuscript; but a very interesting account in Anglo-Saxon, preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, MS. Jun. No. 23, fol. 48, has recently been printed in the *Reliquiae Antiquae* of Messrs. Wright & Halliwell, I. 276, a miscellany of more intrinsic value than many others of greater pretension.

The illustration to Tundale, which forms the frontispiece to this volume, is another of those exercises of friendship for which I have so often been indebted to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. who always increases the value of his favours by the delicacy with which he confers them.

The remaining contents of this volume are—

1. THE TRENTALLE OF SAINT GREGORY. See in Butler's Lives of the Saints, under March 12, the remote germ of this story. Trentals for departed souls are usually termed Gregorian masses, after his Holiness. In the Cotton MS. Caligula, A. ii. 63, 6. is a different version, commencing—

“ A nobull story wryte Y fynde,  
A pope he wrote to haue yn minde.”

2, 3, 4. MORALIZATIONS, or metrical expositions on these three great festivals of the Church, the Circumcision of our Lord, the Epiphany, and the Purification of our blessed Lady.

5. THE INCARNACION: consisting of English and Latin alternate rhymes.

6. ECCR ANCILLA DOMINI: a hymn on the Annunciation of our Lady.

7. AVE REGINA CELORUM: a hymn in honour of our Lady.

8. THE MASSE: in praise of the great Christian sacrifice, and rules for conduct thereat.

9. THAT PES MAY STOND: a pious effusion on the then distracted state of the country.

10. VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST: on the wondrous composite unity of God and Man.

11. The volume appropriately terminates with "DEO GRACIAS," a sweetly flowing song of humble gratitudo, setting forth the duty of thankful expression to Almighty God for all his mercies, "which endure for ever."

Albeit the structure of these various verses is extremely rude, they will, to a reflective mind, prove neither barren nor unfruitful in moral suggestions. They are quiet homelists. Whoso can, had better to them, (as the marginal memoranda of the MS. repeatedly admonish),

**Take gude heede.**



## Tvndale.

IHESU Cryst Lord off myghtis most  
Fader and Son and Holy Gost  
Grant hem alle thi blesyng  
That lystenyght me to my endyng  
Yf yo that her ben wyll a whyle dwell  
Sechen a sampull Y wyll yow telle  
That he that woll hit vndurstand  
In hart he schall be full drodand  
For hys synnis yf he woll drode  
10 And clanse hym her of his mysdede

In Yrlond byfyll sum tyme this case  
Sethyn God dyeyd and from deythe arase  
Aftyr that tyme as ye may here  
A thowsand and a hondryt here  
And nyn wyntur and fowrt  
As it hys wretyn in tho story  
I woll yow tell what befoll than  
In Yrlond of a rych man  
Tvndalo was is ryght name  
20 He was a man of wykud fame  
He was ryche ynow of ryches  
But he was poore of all gudnesse

He was ay full of trychery  
 Of pride of yre and of envy  
 Lechery was all his play  
 And glotony he loved ay  
 He was full of covetyse  
 And euor slovtho in Goddis servyee  
 Noo warkis of mercy wold he worsh  
 30 He loyed neuer God no holy chyreh  
 With hym was neuer no charyto  
 He was a mon with owton pyte  
 He loued well iogelars and lyers  
 He mayntyinod ay myndoors  
 He louyd ay contact and stryve  
 Ther was non holdyn wors on lyf  
 Yett wold not God is sowle tyne  
 For he hit boghtte from hell pyne  
 For his meray passud all thyngu  
 40 But Tyndale had an hard warnyng  
 For as he in his transyng lay  
 His sowle was in a drodeful way  
 Ther hit saw mony an howgo payn  
 Ar hit como to the body agyn  
 In purgatory and in hollo  
 As he saw he cowtho well tollo  
 But how he had a hard fyt  
 Yf ye woll here ye may whytt

Tyndale had frondys full mony  
 50 But he was full of trichery  
 Of his manors mony had dred  
 For he was lythur in word and dede  
 Throw occur wold he sylnor leyn  
 For nyne schylling he wold have ten

For frystyng wold he occur take  
 And nothyng leyn for Goddis sake  
 When he sold his marchandyse  
 He sold ay derur than ryghtfull prise  
 He wold gyve dayes for his best  
 60 But he sold the derur for the fryst  
 Tundale he went vpon a day  
 To a mon to ascon his pay  
 For thre horsis that he had sold  
 For the whych the ponnys wer vntold  
 That mon hym preyd of respyte  
 Vn to a day the deyt to quytte  
 And proferud hym sykornes by othe  
 Anon he gruechud and waxyt wrothe  
 For he had not ovon tho pay  
 70 But thratto hym fast and made gret aray  
 But Tundale was bothe quynte and whys  
 He sette the horsis to full hye prise  
 For he had no pay in hond  
 To hym the mon in scripture hym bonde  
 The mon spoke to hym curtesly  
 And broghtto hym owt of is malycoly  
 Ilo sobort his hart that was so gryt  
 And mado Tundale dwell at tho moytt  
 And when he was scytt and seruyd well  
 80 A grytt evyl he began to fele  
 At the fyrst mossol soo myttand  
 He myghto not well leste vp his hond  
 He cryed lowde and changyt chore  
 As he had felud dothe nere  
 To tho woyf of the howse than callud he  
 Lovo dame he seyd for charyto

Loke me my sparthe wher that he stande  
 That Y broughtt with me in my hande  
 And helpe me now hethon awey

90 For Y hope to dye this same day  
 So harde with evyll am Y tane  
 That strenthe in me fell Y nane  
 For now my hart so febull Y fele  
 Y am but dede Y wot full wele  
 A Jhesu Cryst Y aske the mercy  
 For can Y now non oder remedy  
 Ryght as he schuld ryse of that stede  
 Anon in the flore he fell don dedde  
 Tho that wer his frendys by sybbe

100 Herd of that cause that hym bytydde  
 Thei comyn to hym with hart sore  
 And saw Tundale lyggo dedde in the flore  
 For hym wer the bellis yronggo  
 And placobo and dyrgo sone y-songo  
 All his cloths wer of hym tano  
 He lay cold dedde as any stan  
 But of the lyft syde of Tundale  
 Was sum wat warme the veyne quale  
 Wherfor sum hyld hym not all dedde

110 For why tho had hym not fro that sted  
 But stylly as a dedde mon ther he lay  
 From mydday of that wenusday  
 Tyl the setturday after the none  
 By than wyst Tundale what he had done  
 Then he lay dedde as ye han hard  
 But heris now how is sowle fard

Wen Tundale fell don sodenly  
 The gost departyd sone from the body

As sone as the body was dedde  
 120 Tho sowle was sone in a darke sted  
 Full wrechudly hit stod all one  
 Hit weput sore and made gret mone  
 He wend to a byn dampnyd ay to pyne  
 And nouer a com to the body agayne  
 For the synnis that the body dyd  
 That myght not ther be laft nor hyddle  
 He had leuor then almydyl erde  
 Ha ben agayne so was he ford  
 But sun had more and sun had lasse

130 As tho story beyrthe wytnesse  
 As the gost stod in gret dowte  
 He saw comyng a full loddly rowte  
 Of fowle fendys ay gronnynge  
 And as wyld wolfis thei cam rampyng  
 He wold a flown from that syght  
 But he wyst neuer whyder he myght  
 This fowle fendys cam to hym ther  
 The sowle for ford made drury chyr  
 And that was full lytull wondor

140 He went to a byn ryvon asonder  
 Thei wer so loghtly on to loke  
 Hym thoghtte the eyrthe vnder hym schoke  
 Her bodys wer bothe black and sowle  
 Full gryssly con thei on hym gowle  
 Her ynce wor brode and brannynge as fyrr  
 All thei wer full off angor and yre  
 Her mowthis wer wyde tho gapud fast  
 The fyre owt of her mowthis tho cast  
 Thei wer full of fyrr with in

150 Hor lyppis honget byneythe her chynne

j pausus

Her tethe wer long tho throtus wyde  
 Her tongis honged owt full syde  
 On face and hondis thei had gret nayles  
 And grette hornes and atterying taylys  
 Her naylis were kene as grondon stylle  
 Scharpur thyng myght no man fyll  
 Of hem cam the fowlest stynk  
 That any erythly mon myght thynk  
 With her naylys in that plas

160 Ychon cracched other in the face  
 Thei fughtton ycheon with oder and stryon  
 And ychon oder all to ryvon  
 Hit was a wonder grysely syght  
 To see how thei weryn all y-dyght  
 In tho word was no mon alyve  
 That cowthe so grysely a syghth dyscryve  
 Full grymly thei on hym staryd  
 And all at onis thei cryd and rored  
 And seyd gow abowte we yond wykyd gost

170 That hath ey don owre counsel most  
 And syng we hym a song of deyd  
 For he hathe wroght after owre red  
 Thei vmlapud the soulo abowte  
 And crendon and mad an hugy schowt  
 And seyd thou synfull wrecchyd wyght  
 In hell a styd is for the dyght  
 For thou art now owre owne fere  
 Thou art deythis doghtter dere  
 And soo to tho fyr with owtyn ende

180 And to darknes art thou frend  
 And to all lyght art thou foo  
 Therfor with vs schult thou goo

This his thi felyschyp thou caytyff  
 That thou chase to the in thi lyffe  
 Therfor with vs schald thou wende  
 To dwell in hell withowton ende  
 Thou hast y-byn bothe fals and fykyll  
 And thou hast seyd fals scandalor mykyll  
 Thou louedyst stryft nyght and day  
 190 And thou and we loyvd ay  
 Thou hast y-loyvd myche lechery  
 And myche thou hast vsud voutry  
 Pryde envy and covetys  
 Gloteny with all oder vys  
 Why wolddust not thou leyve thi trechery  
 Whyle thou levedust and was myghty  
 Wher his now all thi vanyte  
 Thi ryches and thi grette mayne  
 Wher is thi pompe and thi pryd  
 200 Thi wyckydnes may thou not hyde  
 Wer is thi streynthe and thi myght  
 And thi hornys soo gayly dyght  
 Wher is thi gold and thi tresour  
 Wher is thi catell and thi stor  
 That thou wendyst schuld neuer the fayll  
 And now may all hit not the avayle  
 Thou louyst neyuer God nor holy chyrch  
 Noo warkys of mercy woldyst worch  
 All the gud that in tho erthe is  
 210 Nor all the matens ne all the masse  
 Myght not help tho frōm the peyn of hell  
 For eyuer mor ther in to dwell  
 That wykked thoyght that was in thi brest  
 Woldyst thou neuer schowe it to no presto

Wreche thou thar not calle nor crye  
 Thou wendust with vs withowton mercy  
 Ther the gost stod hit was darke as nyght  
 But sone he saw a sterre full bryght  
 Tundale fast that sterre beheld

220 Full wyll comfortud he hym feld  
 Throw tho vertu of his creatur  
 He hopeyd to geyte sum socur  
 That was the angell to beton is bale  
 The whych was emer of Tundale  
 The angell sone with Tundale mett  
 And full mekely he hym grette  
 He spake to hym with myldde chere  
 Tundale he seyd wat dost thou here  
 When Tundale herd hym his name call

230 And saw hym bryght schynynge with all  
 He was fayn and began to crio  
 And seyd swete fader merçy  
 These fowlc sondys for my mysdede  
 To tho fyr of hell thei wold me lede  
 Then onsweryd the angell bryght  
 And seyd to the drefull wyght  
 Fader and lord thou callust me now  
 Why woldyst thou not er to me bow  
 Y was thi yemer evon and moron

240 Seython thou was of thi moder boron  
 Thou woldyst neyuer to me take tent  
 Nor to non of myn thou woldyst not sent  
 Tundale seyd and sykyd sore  
 Lord Y saw the neuor before  
 Nor neuer myght Y here the lowde nor stylle  
 Therfor wyst Y not of thi wyll

The angell that was of gret myght  
 Chasyd won that was a fowle wyght  
 Of all that fowle company

250 Ther semed non soo vngdly  
 Tundale he seyd this is he  
 That thou dyddyst know and not me  
 After hym thou hast alway wroght  
 But in me trystys thou ryght noght  
 But Goddis mercy schall the save  
 All thaff thou servydyst non to have  
 But Y woll welle that thou wytte  
 The behovyt fyrst an hard fyght  
 Than was Tundale full glad

260 But he was after full hard bystad  
 For he saw peynis greyt and strong  
 And sum of hem was he among  
 Well he cowthe tell yche a peyn  
 When he come to the body ageyn  
 Tundale ther out the angell hym drowgh  
 For hym thoght he had drede ynow  
 When that he saw tho fendys felle  
 That he schuld not goo with hem to hell  
 Thei began to rore and crye

270 And scanderyd the God all myghty  
 And seyd thou art not tru Justyce  
 Thou art fals and vnryght wysse  
 Thou seydust thou schuldust reward sone  
 Ylke mon after that he hathe done  
 (*Unicusque secundum opus suum etc.*)  
 Tundale is owris with skyll and ryght  
 For he hatho saruyd hus day and nyght

Full wykydly has he levyd longe  
 Yf we leyf hym thou dost hus wronge  
 280 Thei rorud and crydon so wer thei woo  
 That Tundale schuld wond hem froo  
 Ychon faght and with oder dyd stryve  
 And with her naylys her chekys dyd ryve  
 So fowle a stynke as thei cast than  
 Feld neuer before yrthely man  
 Then seyd the angell to hym at the last  
 Tundale com forthe and folow me fast  
 Then seyd he and syknd full sore  
 Lord than seyst thou neuer me more  
 290 Yf Y goo behynd the then am Y schent  
 Thes fendys from the wold me hent  
 And leyd me with hom to hell peyn  
 Then getust thou me neuer agcyn  
 Then seyd the angell have no drede  
 Thei mey no wyse from me the lede  
 As mony as the thynkuth semyth here  
 Yet ar ther mo with naylys full nere  
 Whylis that God is with vs bathe  
 Thei may neuer do hus skathe  
 300 But thou may rede to defendo the with  
 In the profecy of Davyd  
 [Cadent a latere tuo mille et decem mille  
 a dextris  
 Tu is ad te autem non appropinquabit  
 Amen]  
 That ther schall fall of thi lyft syde  
 A thowsand fondys in schort tyde  
 And of thi ryght syde somand  
 Schall fall also ten thowsand

ij passus

And non of hem schall com to the  
 Bot with thi eyn thou schalt hom see

310 Thou schalt y-see or we too twynne  
 What peynis fallyth for dyuerse synne  
 When the angell had told his tale  
 Throw an entre he lad Tundale  
 That was darke they had no lyght  
 But only of the angell bryght  
 Thei saw a dope dale full marke  
 Of that Tundale was full yrke  
 When he hit saw he vggod sone  
 A delfull dwellyng saw he thore

320 That depe dale fast he behold  
 A fowle stenke therof he feld  
 Alle the grond that ther was semand  
 Was full of glowyng colis brennand  
 Ouer that colys yron lay  
 Red glowand hit semud ay  
 Four cubytis thyk hit was  
 Tho heyte of the fuyr dyd throw pas  
 That yron was bothe large and brad  
 For full strong payn was hit mad

330 The heyte of the yron was more  
 Then all the fuyr that was thore  
 That fyr was euer ylyche brannynge  
 And ouer more strong lyke stynkyng  
 Of that fyr com moro stynk  
 Then any erthely mon myght thynk  
 And that was peyn to hym more  
 Then all that he saw or he com thore  
 Apon that yron as hit was seyd  
 Fendys with the sowlis wor layd

340 And in that stynke dvd thei brenne  
 And wer molton as wax in a pon  
 Thei ronnon throw that yron in to the fyr both  
 As hit wer wax throw a clothe  
 Thei weron gederud and molton agayn  
 And fro thes ther in to new payn  
 Thon seyd the angell to Tundale  
 Her may thou see mykyll bale  
 For every mon is ordenyt this payn  
 That fader and moder has bothe y-slain

350 Or any oder throw cursyd red  
 Or ben asentyd to any monis ded  
 Off this geyte thei neuer reles  
 For this peyn schall neuer ses  
 In oder peyn yet schell thei bo  
 Then this that thou may herre see  
 But of this peyn schall thou not fele  
 And yett thou hast deservyd hit full welle  
 Thei passyd from that peyn  
 And coynyn to a greyt monttoyn

360 That was bothe gret and hye  
 Theron he hard a delfoll crye  
 Alle that ton syde was semand  
 Full of smoke and fyr brennand  
 That was bothe darke and wan  
 And stank of pyche and brymston  
 On that toder syde myght he know  
 Gret was the forst and snow  
 And ther with gret wyndus blast  
 And oder stormes that folowyn fast

370 He saw ther mony fendys felle  
 And herd hom loghly rorre and yello

lij passus

Thei hadon forkys and tongis in hand  
 And gret brochys of yron glowand  
 With hom thei drowyn and putton ful sore  
 The wrecchyd sowlys that ther wore  
 Owt of that fyr thei conne hom drawe  
 And putton hom into the cold snowe  
 And seyton in to the fyr agayne  
 Thei putton hom in to oder peyne  
 390 Hor peyn was tornod mony folde  
 Now in hotte now in cold  
 Then seyd the angoll that was so bryght  
 This peyn is for thefus dyght  
 And for hom that robry makis  
 Or agayn mennis wyll her guddis takis  
 Or throw falsohed any mon begylis  
 Or wynnyght mennis gude with wykyd wylis  
 Whet thei hadon seyn that wykyd torment  
 Furdur more yette thei went

iiiij passus

390 The angell ay before con pas  
 And Tundale after that sore aferd was  
 Thei hyldon ey forthe the way  
 Tyll thei come to another valay  
 That was bothe dyppe and marke  
 Of that syght was the sowle yrke  
 In erthe myght non deppur be  
 To the grond thei myght not see  
 Aswowyng of hem thei hard ther in  
 And of cryng a delfull dyn

400 Owt of that pytte he feld comand  
 A fowle smoke that was stynkand  
 Bothe of pycche and of brynstyn  
 And ther in sowlys brent mony won

That peyn hym thoght well more semand  
 Then all the peynys that he besoryn fand  
 That poyn passyd all oder peynis  
 That pyt stod betwene two monteynis  
 Ouer that pyt he saw a bryge  
 Fro tho ton to tho toder lygge

410 That was of a thowsand steppys in leynthe to  
 rede

And scarsly of won flotte in brede  
 All quakynge that brygge euer was  
 Thor myght no mon ouer hyt passo  
 Leryd nor lewyd maydon ne wyff  
 But holy men of perfyt lyff  
 Mony sowlys he saw don falle  
 Of that brygge that was so smalle  
 He saw non that brygge myght passe  
 But a prest that a palmer was

420 A palme in his hond he had  
 And in a slaveyn he was clad  
 Ryght as he on erthe had gon  
 He passyd ouer be hym selue alon  
 Then seyd the sowle to that angell tho  
 Y was neuer er soo wo  
 Wo is me Y not how to passe  
 So sor adred neuer er Y wasse  
 The angell seyd to Tundale ryght  
 Drede the noght her of this syght

430 This payn schalt thou schape full well  
 But oder peyn schalt thou fell  
 This peyn is ordloynyd full grovos  
 For proud men and bostus

The angell toke hym be the hond swythe  
 And lad hym ouer than was he blythe  
 Yette went thei foryt bothe to goyder  
 But the sowle wyst neuer wyder  
 Be a longe wey of greyt merknes  
 As the story beryth wyttenes

v passus

440 Thei passyd that and coom to lyght  
 But ho saw then an hogy syght  
 He saw a best that was more to knaw  
 Then all tho monteynis that thei saw  
 And his ynoo scymyd yette more  
 And bradder then tho valeyys wore  
 In all his mowthe that was so wyde  
 Nyne thowsand arinyd in myght ryde  
 Betwene his toskys that were so longe  
 Too greyt gyandys he saw honge

450 The hed of the ton hyng donward  
 And the toder is hed stod vp ward  
 In myddys his mowthe stodon on yche syde  
 Too pylers to hold hyt vp wyde  
 Tho pylers weron sette on sere wyse  
 In his mowthe wer thre partyse  
 As thre gret yatys that opon stode  
 Gret flamys of syr owt of hym yode  
 And ther with come al so fowle a stynke  
 As tong myght toll or hert thynke

460 Thei hard ther a dylfull dyn  
 Of mony thowsand sowlys with yn  
 Gowlyng and gretynge thei hard within among  
 Wel a way was euer her song  
 Lowd thei hard hem crye and yell  
 Hor sorow myght no tong tell  
 Befor that bestys mowthe was sene  
 Mony thowsand of fendys kene

That hyed hem with myght and mayno  
 Tho wreechyd sowlys to dryve to Payne  
 470 With brennyng baelys thei hem dong  
 And with hem droffe to poynis strong  
 When Tundale had that best y-seen  
 And tho wykyd gostys that wer so kene  
 Tundalo spake full delffully  
 When he hard that hydos crye  
 And seyd than to that angell bryght  
 What bytokenyf this hydos syght  
 The angell onsworud hym anon  
 This last is called akyron  
 480 And ther throw byhouth the to wend  
 Yf we schull goo owre way to the end  
 Non from this peyn may passe quyte  
 But cleyne men of lyffe perfyte  
 This hogy best as Y the kenne  
 His sette to swolo couetows men  
 That in erthe makyght hit prowld and towghe  
 And neuer wonon to have ynowghe  
 But euer coueton more and more  
 And that hor sowlys forthynkon sore  
 490 In tho profecy hit is wryton thus  
 That a best schall swolewo the covetows  
 [Absorbebit flumen et non mirabitur et  
 habebit  
 Fiduciam quod influat Jordanus in os  
 eius]  
 So muche thurst hathe that best  
 That all the water most and lest  
 That euor ran est or west  
 Myght not stanche the bestys thurst

Ther for he is rody y-dyght  
 Namely for yche a covetows wyght  
 500 That wenon neuer ynow to have  
 Ne holden hom payd nor vochen saffe  
 That God hom sent of his gracie  
 Therfor thei schen sey alas alas  
 For ay the more that thei han free  
 Tho more covetows a mon may hem see  
 The gyandys that thou syst with ee  
 Hongyng betwene his toskis so hye  
 Goddys law wold thei not knowe  
 But thei wer trew in hor own lawe  
 510 Of whom tho namis wer callud thus  
 That ton hyght Forcusuo and that toder Con-  
     allus  
 Alas quod that sowle suche peyn have thay  
 Wheder thei schull neuer thennis away  
 Quod the angell the falon no glee  
 And in erthe seche thast thou ybe  
 When he had seyd this ther thei yode  
 And byfor the best bothe thei stode  
 But that was agayn Tundale is wylle  
 The angell vaneschyd and he stod styll  
 520 No wonder was thaw he had drede  
 The fowle fendys comyn gud sped  
 Thei token hym and bowndyn hym fast  
 With ynne that best thei connen hym cast  
 A whyle with in he most dwell  
 Ther was he beyton with fendys fell  
 With kene lyonis that on hym gnowe  
 And dragonis that hym alto drowe

With eddrys and snakus full of venom  
 He was all to drawyn yche lym

530 Now he was in fyr brennand  
 Now in yse fast frosand  
 The terys of ynce two  
 Thei brondon as fyr hym was full wo  
 Strong stynke he fold of brymston  
 He was in peynis mony won  
 With his malys in angor and stryfe  
 Hys owne chekis he con alto ryfe  
 Off yche synne that euer he dudde  
 He was vpbraydud ther was non huddle

540 In grett wanhope was he ay  
 He went neuer to have passyd away  
 But sone he come owt of that peyne  
 He wyst not how he was full fayne  
 Ryght now was he in full gret dowl  
 And anon after was he without  
 He lay a whyly as he wer dood  
 And sone after he stod vp in that sted  
 As he hym dressyd so syttande  
 He saw an angell byforyn hym stande

550 He had comfort than of that lyght  
 When he saw thys angell bryght  
 The angell twoched sone Tundale  
 And gaff hym strynthe than was he hale  
 Then loyvd he God of his grace  
 With terys sore gretand in that place  
 He thus passyd that torment  
 But forder more bothe thei went  
 Anoder wey thei to con take  
 Tyll thei com to an hydous lake

560 That lake mad an hydous dynne  
 Throw wawys of water that weron with yne  
 Tho wawys of that water roos as hye  
 As any mon myght with is ee y-see  
 Thorin wer howgy bestys and soll  
 That hydously con crye and yell  
 Therin wer brondis and brandon bryght  
 As brannynge lampis don on nyght  
 On yche a syde thei waxud ay  
 To swolow sowlys that was ther pray

570 Ouer that lake then saw thei lygge  
 A wonder long narow brygge  
 Too myle of leynthe that was semand  
 And scarsly of the bred of a hand  
 Off scharpe pykys of yron and stell  
 Hit was grevows for to fele  
 Ther myght non passe by that brygge thare  
 But yeff her feet wer hyrt sare  
 The hydous bestys in that lake  
 Drew nerre the brygge her pray to take

580 Off sowlows that foll of that brygge don  
 To swolow hem thei wer ay bon  
 Cryyng and yellyng and gowlyng y-fere  
 Tho noyse was wonder dredfull to here  
 These hydous bestys wer wonder grette  
 The sowlys that fell wer her mette  
 Tundale saw the bestys all  
 And fyr owt of her mowthe walle  
 The fyr that he saw from hem faulland  
 Made the water all hotte walland

590 He saw won stond on the brygge  
 With a burden of corne on is rygge

Gretand with a dylfull crye  
 And pleynud his synne full pytuysly  
 The pykys his fott pykud full sore  
 Ho drodyd the bestys mykyll mor  
 That hym to slee wer ay bowne  
 Yef that he had falle of the brygge don  
 Tundale askyd the angell bryght  
 What meneghth that hydous syght

600 The angell onsworud thus ayayn  
 For hym is ordynyd this payn  
 That robbayght mon of hor ryches  
 Or any gudys that herys is  
 Lewd or leryd or holy kyrke  
 Or any wrong to hem woll wyrk  
 But sum haght more peyn and sum lase  
 All astur that her synnis his  
 Sum rockys not wat thei deyre  
 And woll not a kyrke for beyre

610 Sum ar fekul and sum vnleylle  
 Sum woll robbe and sum wol stell  
 Thyng that to holy chyrche fallys  
 Sacraleggi that men callys  
 Thei that done wronge or vylony  
 Within that sted of seynt wary  
 Or within the sted of relegyon  
 Maketh any dystruccion  
 All schull thei here turment be  
 In this peyn that thou may see

620 And he that thou syst on the brygge stand  
 With the schevis so sore gretand  
 Fro holy chyrch he hom stale  
 For thei wer teythe told by tale

Therfor byes he hem full dere  
 That dede throw peyn that he haght here  
 Ouer the brygge schalt thou wend nowe  
 And with the lede a wyld cowe  
 Loke thou lede her warly  
 And be war yee fall not by

630 For wen thou art passyd thi poyn  
 Thou delyuer hur me agayn  
 The behouys to lede huyr ouer alle  
 For that thou the gossypis cow stale  
 Than spake Tundale with drury chero  
 A mercy Y aske my Lord dere  
 Yf all Y toke hur ayaynis his wyll  
 He had hur ayayn as hit was skyll  
 That was soght quod that angell  
 For thou mygħtust not from hym hur stell

640 And for he had is cow agayn  
 Thou schalt have the lesse payn  
 Yche wyckyd dede more or lesse  
 Schall be ponnyeschyd after the trespass  
 But God all myghty lykusse noght  
 Nowder ell dede nor evyll thoght  
 As Tundale stod that was ylle lykand  
 The wylde cow was broght to is hand  
 Maygrey in is chekys hym byhouyth nede  
 To take the cow and forthe here lede

650 Hym thoght hit was to hym gret pyne  
 But he myght not be ther agayn  
 He dud the angell commandment  
 By the hornes the cow he hent  
 He cheryschyd the cow all that he myght  
 And to the brygge he leduth hor ryght

When he on the brygge was  
 The cow wold not farther pas  
 He saw the bestys in the lake  
 Draw nerre the brygge her pray to take  
 680 That cow had ner full ouer that tyde  
 And Tundale on that toder syde  
 He was wonderly sor aferd than  
 Of gret myscheffe vp than thei wan  
 Thei passydon forthe that thoght hym hard  
 Tyll thei come to the mydwarde  
 Oder wylc he abouth oder wyle the cow  
 Bothe the hadon sorow ynow  
 Then mette thei hym that bare the corne  
 Ther wont thei bothe thei hadon ben lorne  
 670 So narow then the bryggo was  
 That nowder myght for other pas  
 To hom bothe hit was grette peyn  
 For nowder myght ther turne ageyn  
 Nor nowder dorst for all myddyl erd  
 Loke byhynd hym so wer thei ferd  
 The scharpe pykys that thei on yede  
 Made hor feet sore to blede  
 So that hor blod ran don that tyde  
 In to that water on eyder syde  
 680 He prayd Tundale of mercy  
 That he wold lette hym passe by  
 He seyd certus Y ne may  
 For Y may not passe for the away  
 Thei wepton sore gret dele ther was  
 For nowder myght lette oder pas  
 As Tundale stod with the cow in honde  
 He saw the angell byfor hym stond

The angell broght hym from that wo  
 And bad hym lette the cow goo  
 690 And be of gud comford now  
 For thou schalt no more lode the cow  
 Tundale schowyd his fett that tho i wer sore  
 And seyd lord Y may goo no more  
 Then seyd tho angell that hym ladde  
 Thynke how sore thi foott bledde  
 Therfor dredfull is thi way  
 And full grevous soghth to say  
 Then towchyd he the feet of Tundale  
 And as tyd was he all hale  
 700 Then seyd Tundale ablessyd be thou  
 That Y am delyuored from peyn now  
 A grette peyn abydys hus yetto  
 And that thou schalt sone y-wytte  
 Fro that sted woll Y the not save  
 That is full and more woll have  
 And thyder now to wend behouyth the  
 Agoynes that may thou not bee  
 Tundale went forght as the boke says  
 Throw wyldernys and darke ways

710 He saw an hows hym ayayn  
 Was more than any montayn  
 As a novon that hows was mad  
 But the mowthe therof was wyd and brad  
 Owt of the mowthe the fure brast  
 And fowle stynkyng lye com owt fast  
 The lye was bothe grett and thro  
 And start a thowsand fote ther fro  
 The sowlys with howton that brene to noght  
 That wykyd gostys thyder had broght

vij paasus

720 When Tundale had sen that syght  
 He spako to that angell bryght  
 Now goo we to a delfull stedde  
 Yonder y-holde the yatys of deddo  
 Who schall delyuer me from that sore  
 Y wene to be ther for euer more  
 Then seyd the angell gud  
 Thou schalt be delyueryd from that styd  
 Gret myght he hathe of Goddis grace  
 That may delyuer me from that plas

730 Withynne yonde hows byhouyth the to wend  
 But yonde lye schall the not schend  
 When Tundale com that hows nere  
 He saw mony a fowle bocchore  
 Euyn in the mydward the fyro thei stond  
 And scharp tolys in her hond  
 Summo hado syculis knyuus and saws  
 Summe had twybyll brodax and nawges  
 Cultoris sythis kene wyt all  
 Spytyll forkys the sowlys to fall

740 Thei wer full lodly on to loke  
 Summe had swerdys and summe hokes  
 Summe gret axes in her hond  
 That semyd full scharpe bytond  
 Of that syght had he gret wonder  
 How thei smyton the sowlis in sonder  
 Summe stroke of the hed somme the thyes  
 Summe armis summe leggis be the kneyss  
 Summe the bodyes in gobedys small  
 Yette keuored the sowlys to gedor all

750 And euer thei smoton hom to gobettis ageyn  
 This thoght Tundale a full grette peyn

Then seyd Tundale to the angell tho  
 Lord delyuer me from this woo  
 Y besoche yow that Y mey passee this care  
 For sweche a peyn saw Y neuer are  
 And all oder turmentis that ben schyll  
 Y woll suffur at yowre wyll  
 Then seyd the angell to Tundale thus  
 This peyn the thenke full hydous

780 But in this peyn byhouis the to be  
 And eke in more that schalt thou see  
 Of that peyn he thoght more aw  
 Then of all tho peynis that euer he saw  
 But sone ther after he saw thare  
 A peyn that he thoght mire  
 He saw an hydous hwond dwell  
 With inno that hows that was full fell  
 Of that hond grete dredo he had  
 Tundale was neuer so adrad

770 Won he had seyn that syght  
 He bysought of that angell bryght  
 That he wold lett hym away steyll  
 That he com not in that fowle hell  
 But the angell wold not for no thyng  
 Grant hym his askyng  
 The wykyd gostys that wer within  
 Abowt hym com wyt gret dynne  
 With hor tolys and with her geyre  
 That he saw hym byfore beyre

780 Among hom thei tokyn Tundale  
 And hewyd hym in gobettis smale  
 He myght not dye for that poyn  
 For he was sone hole ageyn

The most mayster of that hows hyght  
 Preston that was his name ryght  
 He saw and hard wyle he was thare  
 Gowlyng and gretynge and mykylle care  
 The lyc that he saw withowton passe  
 Wastyd all that ther yn was

700 Ther was full delfull noyse and crye  
 And hongur for gloteyne  
 That all the sowlys that ther in wer  
 Myght not stancho the appetyt there  
 Tundale saw thor yn all soo  
 Men and women that were full woo  
 That peynud wer in her prouytys  
 And all to gnawyn bytwene hor kneys  
 He saw within that dongeon  
 Mony men of relycon

800 That fowle wer of fowle vonym  
 Bothe withowtyn and withyn  
 Strong vonym on hem he saw  
 And on euerly lym beton and gnaw  
 Tundale knowo summe thor full wyll  
 That worthy wer that peyn to sole  
 But he com sone owt of that peyn  
 He wyst neuer how than was he fayn  
 Then stodde Tundale in a darke stode  
 That was callyd the cawdoron of dredo

810 As he satte his syght was dym  
 He saw his angell byfor hym  
 He seyd to the angell alas  
 Wher his the word that wryton was  
 That Goddys mercy schuld passe all thyng  
 Here see Y ther of no thyng

[*misericordia domini plena est terra etc.*]

Then answeryd the angyll and seyd anon  
 That word dothe save mony a mon  
 All thauff God be full of myght and mercy  
 820 Ryghtwessnes behowyth hym to doo ther by  
 But he for yevyth more wykkydnes  
 Thenne he syndeth ryghtwesnes  
 Tho peynys that thou haddys wer but light  
 Grettter thou schuldyst have tholud with ryght  
 Tundal than began to knole  
 And thonked God he schappud so welo  
 Then seyd the angell to Tundale  
 Wher to schuld any mon yeff talo  
 Yff God schuld ay forgesse hym sone  
 830 All the synnis that he had done  
 Withowttyn any peyn to fele  
 Thenne nodyd a mon neuer do wele  
 But tho i that ar wykyd and synfull kyd  
 And no ponans in body dyl  
 God takyth on hem no vonians  
 Yf thei hadon any repentans  
 Throw his mercy ar tho i save  
 But yette the sowle som peyn schalt have  
 Ofston tymis from mony a wyght  
 840 Gudlus that han to hem bo dyght  
 Fro hym God hem hatho y-tako  
 And dotho here his peynis slako  
 For in sted of peyn is worldus catell  
 Yf that a mon thonke God of all yll  
 So schall ther sowlys have lasso peyn  
 Wen detho to grond hathe hom slayn

And the seyner from all peyn wende  
 To the blysse with owten ende  
 But in the world is non Y wene

850 Be he of synne neuer so clene  
 Noght a chyld for sothe to say  
 That was boron and deed to day  
 Have peyn and drede he schall ryght well  
 Thaw he schull not hom sore fele  
 To loue more God he woll be fayn  
 That soo may schape suche payn  
 As the mon that dampnyd is  
 To hell for his wykkydnes  
 He schall suche ioy in hevyn y-see

860 That more ioy myght neuer bee  
 That schall greve hym more the syght  
 Tho all the peyn that in hell is dyght  
 When he may see that grotte blysse  
 That he schall for euer mysse  
 But the prest that tho palmer was  
 That thou saw ouer the brygge pas  
 He saw all the peynis stronge  
 But non of hem was he among  
 For he lovede God Almyghty ay

870 And servyd hym well to his pay  
 Goddys ioy may he not mysse  
 For he hath a trone of blysse  
 When the angell had thys told  
 To make Tundale the more bold  
 The angell had hym yett furder mare  
 Tundale folowyd with myckyll care  
 A wonder hydous best thei saw  
 Of whom Tundale had grett aw

That best was bothe felle and kene  
 880 And more than he had euer y-sene  
 Two grett wyngys that were blacke  
 Stod on eyder syde on his backe  
 Two fett wylth naylys of yron and stell  
 He had that weron full scharpe to fell  
 He had a long nekke and a smallo  
 But the hed was gret with all  
 The eyn were brode in his hed  
 And all wer brannand as fyr red  
 His mowthe was wyd and syde lyppud  
 890 Hys snowt was with yron typud  
 Fyr that myght neuer slakyd bee  
 Owt of is mowthe com gret plentye  
 That best sat evyn in myd ward  
 A lake that was froson full hard  
 That lake was full of gret yso  
 Ther had sowlys full gret angwysse  
 That best was bothe fell and gredy  
 And swolled tho sowlys that wer redy  
 And when the sowlys were ther yn  
 900 Ther wer thei peynod for her syn  
 In strong fyr ther brand thei ay  
 Too thei wer nor wastud away  
 And than y-cast fro that peyn  
 Tyll thei wer covert ayayn  
 Then wax thei blacke and bloo  
 For sorow and care and muche woo  
 As wemen doght bothe meke and mylde  
 When thei ben in beryng of chylde  
 Thei playnod hem and seydon alas  
 910 Hard wer hor peynis for hor trespass

For strong bytyng thei had with yn  
 With wood edderys and oder venym  
 That was with ynne hem gnawyng ay  
 As thei among snakys lay  
 When thei her tymys myght know and see  
 Thei made hem sorow then gaynyd no glee  
 They made suche dylle sothe to telle  
 That noyse of hem fell neght to hell  
 So dylfull a noyse was neuer hard

920 Of men and wemen so thei fard  
 But her tyme behouys hem to kepe  
 When the edders schulld owt of hem crepe  
 Noght only throw prevy place  
 But throw ylke a lym maketh her trace  
 Throw hed and feyt backe and syde  
 Throw armis and leggys thei con glyde  
 Throw wombe and brest thei wer crepand  
 And throw ylk a ioynt that thei fand  
 Their crepud owt all attonis

930 Thei sparud neyder flesse nor bwonis  
 Tho eddros wer full gret and longe  
 With hedys of yron that wer full stronge  
 Thei had mowthys of fyr glowand  
 And glowand tongis owt schetand  
 Her naylys wer bothe gret and longe  
 All keno hokys wer ther honde  
 Whan tho vermyn wold have owt crepon  
 At the holys that they mado opon  
 Thei myght not wyn owt hor taylys

940 Soo fast hyldon the crokyd naylys  
 Thei turnyd her hedys in agayne thare  
 Throw ylke a ioynt thei madon full baro

Thei fretud hom within and hem gnew  
 And all her bowell they owt drew  
 Thei smyton her heddis owt and yn  
 Her taylys thei myght not owt wyn  
 When tho hokys thay hom ayeyn styt  
 Thei turnedyn ayeyn and toke ther bytt  
 Fro hed to fotte ay was gnawyng

950 Scrattyng fretyng fleyng and styngyng  
 To hevon the noyse myght have ben hard  
 So hydously thei crydon and fowle fard  
 The sowlys thei crydon for grett angwis  
 And pleyndon gretly ther folys  
 Thei wer not lyveryt of hor payn  
 For hit was newed ay ayayn  
 Tundale seyd to the angyll bryght  
 Lord this is a dredfull syght  
 Me thynkyght this peyn well more

960 Then all tho peyn that Y saw be fore  
 Then onsweryd the angell ayeyn  
 And seyd Tundale this peyn  
 Ys ordeynynd for men of relygyon  
 That kepud not well hor professyon  
 For monkus channons prestis and clerks  
 And for oder men and weinen of holy kyrke  
 That delytis hor bodys yn lechery  
 Or in any oder maner of foly  
 And dothe not as ther order wyll

970 But ledus hor lyffe after thor wyll  
 Jwves schull have the same euer mor  
 Yf thoi amend hom not or thei goo befor  
 And for thoi same thow hast bene  
 This schalt thou thole that thou hast sene

When the angyll had seyd this  
 The fendys that wer full hydeous  
 Within the best Tundale thei ladde  
 And thor was he within full hard bestad  
 Ther in was he peynyd full long  
 980 Bronnyng in fyr that was full strong  
 Seththyn the best hym owt kest  
 Then was he swollen as he wold brest  
 All full of edders than he was  
 And non of hem myght from oder passo  
 But wen he schuld delyuored be  
 Then he myght the angyll y-see  
 With mylde chere befor hym dyd stond  
 He towched Tundale with hys hond  
 And delyuored hym of that bale  
 990 Then seyd the angyll to Tundale  
 Com furder more and folow me  
 For more peyn byhouyth the to se  
 Forder more thei went than  
 But Tundale thoght hit no gam  
 Thei com in to a wey full derke  
 Of that way was Tundale yrke  
 For thor was no more lyght  
 But that at come of the angyll bryght  
 That way was strayt and longlastand  
 1000 And worst of all that Tundale fand  
 Afronnte vnnethe thei myght passo  
 So narow of steppis don that was  
 As thei had come from a hyo hyll  
 Don in to a deppo dongyll  
 The more that Tundale folowyd ay  
 The lenger hym thought was that way

Tundale feld a stynkyng ayr  
 Then of his lyffe he was in speyr  
 Then he sykud and wept full sore  
 1010 And seyd to the angyll thore  
 Lord wyder schall this way wend  
 Me thenkyth this way haase non ende  
 Then onward the angyll fre  
 And seyd Y wyll telle the  
 How this way lythe and in to what sted  
 This is the way that lyght to the dedde  
 Then seyd Tundale how may this be  
 In boke we may wryton y-see  
 That the way that schall to the deythe lede  
 1020 Ys botho large and mykyll of brede  
 (*Lata est via que ducit ad mortem*)  
 This is now a narow way  
 That thou vs ledust and narow coasay  
 Then seyd the angyll wyll Y wate  
 That the boke spekys not of this gate  
 But of the way of vnclannes  
 Of fleschely lust that dedly is  
 Be that way men lyghtly wende  
 To the deth withowttyn ende  
 1030 Then went thoi forghthe and furder more  
 By that darko way that they in wore  
 They com to a depe dongyll  
 Of that syght lykyd hym full yll  
 That dongyll full of smythes stood  
 And smythis abowtte honi yode  
 With grett hoineris in hor hond  
 And gret tongis hoote glowand

ix passus

Thys smythis were grymly on to loke  
 Owt of hor mowthis com grett smoke  
 1040 These smythis wer full of sowlys with in  
 That wepton and madyn grett dyn  
 In grett fyres thei con hom cast  
 And sethen with homeris leydon on fast  
 The master of that smythy was bold  
 Vlkane was is name hold  
 Lo yond quod the angyll with is gyn  
 Hathe made mony a mon do syn  
 Wherfor with hym after thare dede  
 Thei schull by peynod with hym in this stede

1050 Then asked Tundale lord fre  
 Schall Y among yond fendys be  
 As oder that han servyd well  
 So grett peynis for to fell  
 Then seyd the angyll sone  
 Tundale he seyd thou hast so done  
 That the behouyth to thole this torment  
 And then to the smythy he went  
 The tormentowris com rennand  
 With furgons and with tongis glowand

1060 Betwene hom hent thei Tundale thar  
 And laddyn hym to muclo care  
 Tundale had thei with hom than  
 And leyt the angyll stond alan  
 In to that smythy thei hym cast  
 In myddys the fyr at that best cast  
 With gret balyws at hym thei blew  
 As hit wor as yron y-multon new  
 Tundale bygan to brenne yche lym  
 But thowsandis thei brend with hym

1070 Sum of hom thei madyn neache  
**As is the water that is fresche**  
 Sum wer molton as molton ledde  
 Sum as yron glowyng redde  
 Thei cast attonis full smartly  
 A thowsand sowlys full petevasly  
 With yron homoris thei stode  
 And leyd on hem as thei wer wode  
 A thowsand sowlys togoder thei dong  
 In a pott full wonderly long

1080 As men schull tempore yron and stell  
 And that was a grysly peyn to fele  
 That turment most thei long dre  
 But yett myght thei not fully dye  
 These turmentowrys wer fowle and blake  
 Ylke on to oder in cownsell spake  
 What peynis thei myght the sowlys wyrke  
 Of wykkyd labovris thei wer not yrke  
 This peyn dud hom more peyn  
 Thei smyton hom all in sondor ayeyn

1090 Oder smythis wer ther that tyde  
 Of a nothur smythy ther besyde  
 Thei seyd habbuth zowr wel here yowr pay  
 Kest ye hom hydour lett vs a say  
 Thei lepedon and roredyn and criedon fast  
 And bad tho sowlys to hom kast  
 And so thei dedyn with greyt talent  
 And non boldly thei con hom hent  
 With hokys and tongis hootte glowand  
 That thei hyldon in hor hand

1100 Hom thought thei wer not smythyd y-noght  
 Vp and don the deueles hom droghe

And in strong fyr thei brendon him ay  
 Tyll thei wer nye brand away  
 But sone then after was Tundale  
 Dolyuered owt of that greyt bale  
 Ayeyns that grysly smythys wylle  
 But all tho toder sowlys lafton styll  
 When Tundale com owt of that payn  
 He was sone keuered ayeyn

1110 Sone the angyllys voys he hard  
 The angyll asked hym how he fard  
 Tundale he seyd now may thou see  
 Wer of thi synnis scruyd the  
 The byhowyt to have a gret angwys  
 For thi delytes and thi folys  
 These that thou art delyuered froo  
 Wer ordeynyd the peyn for to doo  
 For why that same company  
 Foloyddyn the in foly

1120 For with that same company  
 Foluyddyn the yn thi foly  
 Tundale stod and cowthe noght say  
 For his wytte was ner away  
 Then seyd the angyll as he stood  
 Looke thou be of comford gud  
 Yff all that thou have had tene  
 In sum peyn that thou hast sene  
 Gretter peynis yett schalt thou see  
 Her after that abydus the

1130 For hem schalt thou schap full well  
 But the byhouyth sum to fell  
 Thou schalt see or we wende  
 Sowlys in peyn with owttyn ende

Hor mysdedys hom dampnyd has  
 Ther for her song is ay alas  
 But oder that soghton Goddys mercy  
 Passon that peyn well syourly  
 When the angyll had this sayd  
 His hond vpon Tundale he layd

1140 Then was he hoole and feld no soor  
 Yett went they furthe furder more  
 As the angyll and he went in company  
 Ther com a cold all sodenly  
 Suche a cold Tundale feld  
 That his lymes myght hym not weld  
 He was ner froson to dedde  
 Strong darkenes was in that stedde  
 Then was Tundale full ferd  
 For more peyn neuer he hade

1150 For drede of peyn full sore he qvooke  
 Hym thought his hedde all to schoke  
 All his peyn byforyn hym thought  
 So muche as that greuyd hym noght  
 Then he spake to tho angyll sone  
 And seyd lord what have Y done  
 Y am so combret fott and hond  
 That Y may not vpryght stond  
 Then the angyll hym not onsweryd  
 Then wept Tundale and was ferd

1160 He myght not steron lythe nor lym  
 The angyll went away from hym  
 When he myght not the angyll see  
 Dele he made that was pyte  
 He went forthe ay furder mare  
 To helle the way lay evyn thare

x passus

A deelfull crye he hard sone  
 Of sowlys that wer in peyn don  
 That dampnyd wer in peyn endles  
 For hor synne and hor wykkydnes  
 1170 He hard a strong noyse of thonder  
 To here that dyn hit was grett wonder  
 Noo hart myght thenke nor no tong telle  
 How hydous was the noyse of hello  
 Then was that sowle in grett dowtte  
 He lokyd in euery syde abowtte.  
 Euer when come that hydous dyn  
 He lokyd to have be takyn yn  
 Butt he saw hym besyde  
 A deppe putt muckyll and wyde  
 1180 Owt of that pyt he saw comand  
 A grett flam of fyr all stynkand  
 Suche a stynke com of that hole  
 That he myght not long hit thole  
 Owt of that dyke ther ros evon  
 A pylar that ner raght to hevon  
 All brannand that pylar was  
 With lye abowtte as a compas  
 He saw fendys and sowlys flye  
 On that pylar bothe low and hye  
 1190 Thei flow ay vp and don fast  
 As sparkelys of fyr thoro wyndis blast  
 And when the sowlys wer brent to askys all  
 In myddys the dyke they con falle  
 They keuerdyn that and wer broyght ayayn  
 On this wyso was euer newyd hor payn  
 Tundale had leuer than all myddel erd  
 Had ben ayeyn soo was he ferd

But ayeyn myght he not goo  
 Ne styr hys lymis to nor froo  
 1200 As he was clofyd stylle he stod  
 He was so ferd he was ney wod  
 With hym selffe he began to stryve  
 And his owne chekys all to ryvy  
 He grendde he gowlyd hym was full woo  
 For he myght not aycyn goo  
 Alas he seyd what is tho best red  
 For now Y wot Y am but dedde  
 Tho wykyd gostys as thei flow  
 Abowt the peler in that low

1210 Thei hardon that gowlyng and that crye  
 Thei come to hym full hastyly  
 Bronnand hokys with horn thei broght  
 To torment sowlys wer thei wroght  
 Thei gretton hym that sowle that meyne  
 Kaytyf wealand myght thou bene  
 Thou metust well with vs at home  
 Tell vs now fro wennis thou come  
 For thi wykkydnes and thi folly  
 In fyr to brenne art thou worthy

1220 For thou come in noo peyn yett to fele  
 Here in hell fyr we woll the kele  
 For now with vs schalt thou wende  
 And dwell in hell with owtyn ende  
 Of owre maneres we schull the kenne  
 Withowt kelyng schalt thou brenne  
 Euer more to drenne in fyr reed  
 For thou schalt neuer passe this steed  
 The tharre not thynke on no wysse  
 Too be delyuered of this angwyssse

1230 In darknes schalt thou euer bee  
 For lyghtness schalt thou neuer see  
 Trust thou not helpo to have  
 For noo mercy schall the save  
 Wrechyd gost we schull the lede  
 To hell gatys for thi mysdede  
 For in thi lyffe thou bare the ylle  
 And wroghstust all ayeyn Goddis wyll  
 Wher for we wyll the with vs bere  
 Too Satanas owre mastere

1240 That lythe depo in tho pytt of helle  
 And with him schalt thou ther dwelle  
 He gaffe the full evyll reyd  
 That broght the hedder to this steyd  
 Ouer late to com woll hym falle  
 To delyuer the from vs alle  
 But now sykkyr may thou bee  
 That thou schalt neuer more hym see  
 The wykkyd gostis to godyr speake  
 And soyd this sowle wolle we take

1250 To Satanas cast we hym that grymly gwonis  
 He schalle hym swolow all attoonis  
 They brawneschedyn hym and manast fast  
 To Sathanas that sowle to cast  
 Ther he lay depē in helle pytte  
 Thydour they saydon they wold hym flytte  
 A hydous noyse the fendys made  
 Hor eyn wer brannand and brade  
 As brennand lampis glowand they war  
 Full grymly con they on hym stare

1260 Hor teyt wer blacke scharpe and long  
 With tuskus bothe grett and strong

Her bodyus wer lyke dragonys  
 Hor tayles wer lyke schorpyonyss  
 They had naylys on her knocus  
 That wer lyke ankyr hokys  
 As they wer made all of stelle  
 Thei poyntys wer full acharpe to fele  
 They had wyngis long aud brade  
 As backe wyngis wer thei made  
 1270 Wheder they wold low or hye  
 With hor wyngis myght they flye  
 They grennyd on hym and bleryd here yye  
 That wonder hyt was that he dyd not dye  
 Then com the angyll that hym ladde  
 Tho fendys than fast away fledde  
 Tundale he seyd thou wer full radde  
 Now may thou make ioy and be glad  
 Thow was the sone of peyn full ryght  
 And now thou art the sone of lyght  
 1280 For now forward syour thou bee  
 Goddis marcy schall helpe the  
 God hathe the grantyd thou mayst be feyn  
 That thou schalt fele noo more payn  
 But Y woll well that thou wette  
 Moo paynys schalt thou see yette  
 Com foryt with me smertly  
 Y schall the scheuw thi most enmy  
 To monkynnd that euer was  
 That tyses almen to trespass  
 1290 A lytull furder more they yode  
 And sone at hell gatys thei stode  
 Ther Tundale saw a greyt pytte  
 That all this world myght not hit dytte

Com hydour quod the angyll bryght  
 Thou schalt here see an hydous syght  
 Stond ner this pytte and loke adoun  
 Thou schalt see here an hydous demoun  
 That pytte is ay darke as nyght  
 And euer schall be withowtyn lyght

1300 Bothe fondys and sowlys that ther in is  
 Thou schalt see bothe more and lesse  
 And Sathanas that lythe bound in helle grond  
 Thou schalt hym see in a lytull stond  
 But they schall soo y-wrokyd bee  
 That non of hem schall see the  
 Tundale than to the pytte wentt  
 Throw the angyll commandinentte  
 He lokyd don with grott aw  
 Sathanas at the grond he saw

1310 So vgly was that loghly wyght  
 Neuer ar was seyn so hydous a syght  
 And so orybly he fard  
 And such dull he saw ther and hard  
 That yeffe a mon had varely  
 An hundryd hedys on won body  
 And as mony mowthys with all  
 As yche hed schuld falle  
 And yche a mowthe abone the chyn  
 Had an hundryd tongys with yn

1320 And ylke a tong cowthe all the wytte  
 That all men have that lyuythe yette  
 All wer not ynow to tell  
 The peyn that he saw in the pytte of hell  
 But Tundale toke full gud kepe  
 On Sathanas that lay soo depe

And avysede hym of that syght  
 Onwhat maner he myght dyscrysoun hit aryght  
 He cowthe not wetton he was so grym  
 In what maner he myght dyscrysoun hym

1330 Hym thought he was as grett to know  
 As any best that euer he saw  
 His body was bothe brood and thykke  
 And as blakke as euer was pykke  
 So blakk was non as hym semyd than  
 Hym thought he had the schappe of a mon  
 He was bothe grett and strong  
 And of an hvdryt cubytes long  
 Twenty cubytes was he brad  
 And ten of thyknes was he mad

1340 And whon he gaput or went he gonis  
 A thowsand sowlys he swoluwys attonis  
 Byfor and be hynd hym was kende  
 On his body a thowsand hande  
 And on ylke a honde was ther seyn  
 Twenty fyngrys with nayles keyn  
 And ylke a fyngur semud than  
 The leynthe of an hundryt sponne  
 And ten sponne abowte of thyknes  
 Ylke a fyngur was no les

1350 Hys nayles semyd of yron strong  
 Full scharpe they wer and full long  
 Lengur than euer was spere of werre  
 That armyd men wer wont to berre  
 Mony teght he had that was so wondur  
 With hom he gnew sowlys in sondur  
 He had a muche long snowt  
 That was fullarge and brod abowt

And hys mowthe was full wyde  
 With hongyng lyppis on eyther syde  
 1360 Hys tayle was greyt and of gret lenthe  
 And in his tayle was full gret strynthe  
 With scharpe hokys that in is tayle stykythe  
 The sowlys ther with sore he prekydthe  
 Apon a gredyron full hot glowand  
 That fowle fende was ay lyggand  
 Brennand colys lay ay vndur  
 But they wor dyn and that was wondur  
 Mony fendys as gloand folus  
 With balys blowyng ay at tho colys  
 1370 So mony a sowle abowt hym flow  
 In myddys the fyr and in the low  
 That Tundale had full gret farly  
 How the world myght bryng forthe so mony  
 Satanas that is soo grym  
 Lay ther bondon yche a lym  
 With yron cheynis gret and strong  
 On that gredyron that was so long  
 As Tundale thoght the cheynis was  
 Lappud abowt with walland bras  
 1380 And the sowlys that he hent  
 With hys hondes wer all to rent  
 He thrast hom in sonder as men dos  
 Crapbys thrastyng owt the wos  
 When he had grond hom alle  
 Into the fyr he lette hom falle  
 And yeyt they keuered all ayeyn  
 And ouer putte to new peyn  
 Tundale hard and saw all soo  
 How Satanas gronod for woo

1390 For why that he was bond so fast  
 At ylke a sykyng he con owt cast  
 A thowsand sowlys from hym they flow  
 Owt at his mowthe into the low  
 They wer sone scateryd wyde  
 Abowt hym ther on ylke a syde  
 But that psyn was not ynow  
 When he ayeyn his armis drow  
 All the sowlys he cast owt  
 That wer y-scateryd rond about

1400 He swalowyd hom ayeyn ychon  
 With smoke of pycche and of brymston  
 The sowlys that passyd owt of hys hond  
 Fellon in to the fyr and brand  
 When thei ayeyn keueryd wor  
 With his tayle he smot hom sore  
 Thus peynyd he tho sowlys and dud hom woo  
 And hym selfe was peynyd all soo  
 The more peyn that he thare wroght  
 To tho sowlys that thydur were broght

1410 The more peyn his owne was  
 And fro that peyn may he not passe  
 The angyll seyd to Tundale  
 Her may thou see muche bale  
 Satanas he seyd this vgly wyght  
 That scmyth soo muche vnto thy syght  
 He was the furst creature  
 That God made after his fygure  
 Fro hevon throw pryd he fell adon  
 Hydour in to this depe donion

1420 Here ys he bonde as thou may see  
 And schall tyll domis day bee

For yeffe they faylyd that hym schuld hold  
 Heyvon and erthe trobull he wold  
 Of tho that thou mayst see with hym  
 Sum they ar of Adammes kyn  
 And oder angells as Y the telle  
 That owt of hevon with hym felle  
 Ther ys neyder sowle ne fond  
 But they ar dampnyd with owttyn onde

1430 And mony mo hydour schulle come  
 Or that hyt bee the day of dome  
 That forsakyth Goddis law  
 And hys warkys wyll not know  
 Botho lowyd mon and clarkys  
 And lowyth synne and cursyd warkys  
 Thesse sowlys that thou hast here y-seyn  
 In all the peynys they have beyn  
 Now ar they cast on this manere  
 To Satanas to thole peyn here

1440 And who soo is broght to thys kare  
 Schall dwelle thor in for euer mare  
 [Potentes tormenta pacuntur]  
 Men that ar of mucho myght  
 That don to pore men wrong and vnryght  
 And woll algate fulsylle hor wyll  
 Wheder hyt be gud or ylle  
 And stroyn the pore that ar lesse  
 Thei aron prynces of wykydnes  
 In strong turment schull thei bee

1450 With fondys that have of hom poste  
 Tundale seyd to tho angyll sone  
 Syr Goddis wylle behouys to be don  
 But o thyng wold Y faynd lere  
 Why yeuyth not God suche power

Too all they aron hold gud men  
 That throw ryght wollyn oder ken  
 As he dothe wykkyd men tylle  
 That euer more wykkydnes wyll fullefyll  
 The angyll seyd that sumtyme lettus  
 1460 The wykkydnes of suggettus  
 That wolle not be revlyd welle  
 Ther for gret peynys behouys hom to fele  
 And for hor tyme God wolle noght  
 That the gud men of this world wer broght  
 To ouer muche worldys guddis havynge  
 Lest here tyme of gudnes thoi wold lesyng  
 Thes fowle kaytyf for all his myght  
 His not callyd prynse of ryght  
 But hys men moy hym calle

1470 Thyffe of markenes and pryncypalle  
 All theys peynis that thou hast sene  
 To reckyn hom all bedene  
 That ordeynyd ben for monnis mysse  
 Ar but lytyll to the regard of thys  
 Sartys quod Tundale ye say well  
 Y have more dred now as Y fele  
 Of this syght and more awe  
 Then of all the peyn that euer Y sawe  
 Ther for Y pray yow that ye me lede

1480 Fro this syght and fro thys dred  
 Sum felows have Y here y-see  
 That sumtyme with mo preuoy have bee  
 Now is hor wonnyng here full depe  
 Y cleyn forsake hor folyschepe  
 And to that had Y ben worthy  
 Ner that Ihesu on me had mercy

To that same peyn schuld Y have goo  
 And dwellyd ther in for euer and oo  
 Thys worde the angyll hard that ther stood

1490 And spake to hym with myld mod  
 A blesyd sowle Y may the calle  
 For thou art passyd thy peynis all  
 And all the sygghtis that the hue deyred  
 Ther of now thar the neuer be aferd  
 Thou hast now seyn in sorow and stryffe  
 Men that wor of wykyd lyffe  
 And now schalt thou see that blysse  
 That God hatho holy choson for hys  
 And thor for glad may thou be  
 1500 Cum now forthe and folow me

Tundalo dyd hys commandment  
 And with the angyll fortho he went  
 Sone wax hit bryght as the day  
 And the darkenes was sone away  
 And the drode that Tundalo hadde  
 Was awey than was he glad  
 Sone ho thonkyd God of hys graco  
 And folowyd fortho the angylls trace  
 By that they hadon gon a lytull stonde

1510 They saw a wallo was feyr and rounde  
 Full hyo hit was as Tundale thoght  
 But sone within the angyll hym broght  
 Men and women saw he thare  
 That semud full of sorow and care  
 For they had bothe honger and thurst  
 And grett travell with owtyn rest

Gret cold they hadon alsoo  
 Thad dudde hom sorow and made hom woo  
 Hem wantedyn clothys and foode  
 1520 As downpe bestys nakyd they yode  
 Her penanse was hard to see  
 But lyght they had grett plente  
 Thys folke quod the angyll aryn all save  
 But penance yott behovys hom to have  
 All leued they well in honesto  
 Yetto grouyd they God in sum parte  
 Honostely and well wold they leve  
 But ouor lytull gud wold they yove  
 Nowder to clothe nor to fode

1530 The powre men that had gret nede  
 Ther for wolle God sum tyme that they had  
 poyn  
 Thoro wykyd stormis of wynd and reyn  
 And throw groyt honger and thurst  
 But after he woll that they com to rest  
 Tho angyll wold noo more say  
 But went forght fast vpon his way  
 And Tundale folowd after fast  
 They come to a yate at the last  
 That yate was openyd hom ayeyn

1540 And in they went Tundale was fayn  
 A fold was thor of feyr flowrys  
 And howyd astor all kyn colowrys  
 Of hom com a sweto smylo  
 Swetter than any tong may telle  
 That plase was soo clere and soo bryght  
 That Tundale was joyfull of that syght  
 Full clerly ther schon the sonne  
 That well was hym that thor myght wonne

1550 Mony feyr treus in that place stood  
 With all kynnis fruyt that was gud  
 Tundale hard ther ay amone  
 Full swet noyse of sowlys song  
 Fullmekyl folke ther was seen  
 That of all kynne syn wer nad clene  
 And delyuored owt of all kyn peyn  
 They wer joyfull and full feyn  
 In myddys that plaso was a welle  
 Tho feyrist that any mon myght of telle  
 From that ran mony stromis sore

1560 Of wator that was botho feyro and clere  
 Tundale thought ther ioy ynooghe  
 He spake to the angyll and looghe  
 Lord he seyd here is greyt solace  
 Leyt vs neuer wyndo from this place  
 Tho angyll seyd hit boys not soo  
 Furder more behouis hus to goo  
 Tho sowlys that thou syst hero within  
 Han ben in poyn for hor syn  
 But they ar clansyd throw Goddis grace

1570 And dwellon hero now in this place  
 But yett henris may thei noght  
 To the blynde of hevyn to be broght  
 Thawyo they ben clansyn of all ylle  
 Here mot thei abydon Goddis wylle  
 Tho well that thou hast seyn hero  
 With the water that spryngis so clere  
 Ys callyd be scyll the well of lyfe  
 The name of that welle is full ryfe  
 Who soo drynkyth of hit ryght weyll

1580 Hongur schall he neuer y-feyll

ij gaudium

Ne thrust schall he neyuer mare  
 But lykyng have with owtyn care  
 Yeffe he wer old with owtyn peyn  
 Hyt wold make hym yong ayeyn  
 Yett forder more the angyll yede  
 And Tundale folowyd with gud spede  
 Sone then astor as they went  
 He beheld and toke gud tent  
 Tyll a plas wer they schuld passo  
 1590 Wor mony a lowde mon wasse  
 Tundale hado seyn sum of hom aro  
 And knew full weyll what thei ware  
 Among hom too kynggis saw hee  
 That wer sum tyme of greyt poste  
 Tho whyle they lewyd on bon and blod  
 Botho they wor men of truthe full gudd  
 Tho ton of hom Cantaber hyght  
 That toder was callyd Donatus ryght  
 Then Tundale spake to the angyll free  
 1000 Lord he seyd what may thys bee  
 These too kynggis that Y see here  
 They wer men of greyt powere  
 They wer botho stowt and keno  
 In hom was lytull moroy aseen  
 Aydur of hein hatyd odur  
 As cursyd Caym and his brodur  
 Sertus syr me thonkyth ferly  
 How they myght be so worthyly  
 To comen to this joyfull stedde  
 1610 Me thynkyght they wer worthy to be dedde  
 The angyll thoght hyt grot node  
 To bryng hym owt of that dredē

And seyd thou schald wytte why  
 That God of hom hath marcy  
 Byfor hor deythe ther fylle suche schanse  
 That they had verey repentanse  
 For Cantaber when he felle seke  
 To God con he hys hart meke  
 He made a vow with delfull cry

1620 To yeld hym selfe to God all myghtty.  
 And all hys lyffe in penans to bee  
 When he wore hole and had poste  
 Donatus was in a presoun strong  
 Bee for hys dethe ther was he long  
 All hys guddus gaffe he away  
 To pore men for hym to pray  
 In grett pouertte was he with stadde  
 And in preson hys lyffe he ladde  
 Yfso all they wor kynggys of myggt

1630 Yette they dyodon in pouertte dyght  
 Ther for God wold not hom forsake  
 But to hys blysse he wold hom take  
 Of all hor synnis they con hom scryve  
 Ther for behouis hom to have marcy  
 Full mekyll joy saw Tundalo tharo  
 But yett went they botho furder mare  
 They saw an hallo was rychely dyght  
 Tundale saw neuer so feyr a syght  
 The wallys semyd gold of that hows

1640 Full well y-sett with stonis full precyous  
 The rose semyd of carbvnkyll ston  
 Dorris nor wyndows was ther non  
 But mony entrys and thei wer wyde  
 That stodon ay opon on every syde

For all tho that wold in passe  
 Was non lattyd that ther was  
 Hyt semyd as bryght bothe far and ner  
 As euer was sonne that schon here  
 Large and round were the wowys  
 1650 The flore was paved with precyous stonyss  
 The halle was with owtton post  
 Hyt semyd an hows of gret cost  
 Hyt schon with in and with owtte  
 Tundale lokyd ouer all abowtte  
 He saw a seyt rychely aparalyt  
 Of red gold fynly enamelyd  
 Clothis of gold and sylke gret plente  
 Saw he y-sprad upon that seytte  
 He saw sytte on that seyt  
 1660 Kyng Cornale that was full greytt  
 Hys clothynge was of ryche hew  
 Tundale full well that kyng knew  
 Meche pepull to hym soughtt  
 And ryche yefftus they hym brogħt  
 Be for hym stodde they full gladde  
 And mucho joy of hym thei made  
 Tundale stood ner and toke gud kepe  
 And by held that grett worchopo  
 Tho men to kyng Cornale this dydde  
 1670 That sumtyme was hys lord kydde  
 For he was sum tyme with hym of meyne  
 Ther fore farly of that syght had hee  
 Prestis and deykenis come ther mony  
 Befor hym a greyt company  
 All revestyd as they schuld syng mas  
 With ryche clothis of holynes

That halle was seytte with in and with owtte  
 With greytt rychesse all abowtte  
 With cowpys and chalys rychely dyghett  
 1680 With sensowrys of silver and gold bryght  
 With basseynys of gold fayr and semely  
 And with tabyllys peyntyd rychely  
 Tundale thoght yeffo he had no mare  
 But that joy that he saw thare  
 He had of joy greytt plentte  
 So greyt murthe and joy ther saw hee  
 They knelyd befor that kyng also  
 Tho folke that comyn in to the hallo  
 And seyd woyll is tho on ycle a syde  
 1690 And weyll the mott euer be tyde  
 For tho warkys of thi hondys free  
 We have now presentis here to the  
 Then spake Tundale to the angyll bryght  
 For he was amervold of that syght  
 And seyd of all tho that Y here see  
 Non hym servyd in lyke poste  
 Ther for grott furly have Y here  
 That they hym worscheppo on this manere  
 Then answerd the angyll curtesly  
 1700 And seyd to hym well wott Y  
 That of all tho that thou may see  
 Was neuer non of hys moyne  
 But sum wer pore pylgrymis kyd  
 Too whom of hys charyto he dyd  
 And were men of holy chyrche  
 To hold hom was he neuer yrke  
 Ther for wold God full of myght  
 That hyt be yold throw hor hondis ryght

Syr quod Tundale haght he no turment  
 1710 Sothen that he owt of the world went  
 Then answerd the angyll ayeyn  
 And seyd he had sufferyd mony a peyn  
 And in more turment schall he bee  
 Thou schalt abyde and the sothe y-see  
 Anon the hows wax darke as nyght  
 That before was clere and bryght  
 And all the men that ther in wer  
 They last hor servyse and dyd no more  
 The kyng turnyd then from hys seyt  
 1720 He gronde he gowlyd hys dill was grot  
 Tundale folowyd astur sone  
 To witte wat schuld be with hym y-done  
 He saw mony men sytte kneland  
 With hor hondys vp to God prayand  
 And seyd gud Lord and thi wyll hyt bee  
 Have mercy on hym and pyte  
 Then saw he hym in gret bareyt  
 And in a fyr to the navylle y-seytt  
 And above from the navyll vpward  
 1730 Clothed with an yron scharpe and hard  
 This peyn quod the Angyll behouyth him to  
 have  
 Yche a day onys as God voche save  
 For why he kept hym not clene  
 Fro that tyme that he weddyd had bene  
 And also he broke hys othe  
 That he had made to wedlockes bothe  
 Yche day by ryght he schall bee  
 Sette vnto the navyll as thou myght see

And for why that he commandyd to sloo

1740 An erle that he hatyd as his foo  
 That was slayn for hatered  
 Besyde Seynt Patrycke in that sted  
 Ther for he tholuth as thou wottis wele  
 This peyn that is full hard to fele  
 That grevys hym whor the knottis lyes  
 And dothe hym full grett angwys  
 Of all odur peyn is he qwytte  
 Savo of theso too as thou mayst wytte  
 Then scyd Tundalo anon ryght thus

1750 How lonke schall he suffor thys  
 The angyll seyd ylke a day owrys three  
 This grott peyn sufferyn schall hee  
 And the spaco of won and twenty owrys  
 He schall have ioy and gret honowrys  
 And with that the angyll went furder more  
 To oder blyssys that was thore  
 Sone they saw thro syght of yye  
 A wall that was wonder hye  
 All of bryght syluor all to see

1760 But hit had no yatys nor entro  
 With in that wall they wer sone togeder  
 But he wost not how they come thyder  
 Ther they swond a full delytabull place  
 That was full of murthe and solaco  
 Tundalo lokyd abowtto hym thanne  
 And saw mony a mon and woman  
 Synggand ay so muryly  
 And makand ioy and melody  
 Thor they honowryd God all weldand

1770 And pleydon and song to not cessand

ij gaudium

Blysse be to God of myghtis most  
 Fader and son and holy gost  
 Hor clothis wer pracyows and new  
 As whytte as snow that euer dyd snow  
 They wer ioyfull and blythe ynogh  
 And song and made myrthe and logh  
 They louyd God in trynito  
 Nott cessand of that solomnyte  
 And ay as they wer syngand

1780      Her vocys was euer to God accordant  
 As melodyes of musyk clore  
 That full delectabull was to here  
 Thor was grot swetnes and lykyng  
 And ioy and murtho with owtyn sesyng  
 Honesto beawtte and clennes  
 And helthe with owtyn sekenes  
 They weron all off wylle free  
 In parfyte loue and charyte  
 The swette sauour that ther was

1790      All the swetnes of eyrthe dud it passe  
 This ioy quod the angyll bryght  
 Hathe God ordeynyd for weddyd men ryght  
 That levon in cleyne maryage  
 And keputhe hor bodys from owttrage  
 And for hom that hor guddys govyn  
 Too tho pore that in myschoff lovyn  
 And for hom that techon dlygenly  
 Hor sogettis to lovyn God all myghty  
 And chastyn hom after hor myght

1800      When they don wrong and lyfpe not ryght  
 And for hom that holy chyreho honowrye  
 And mayntenyth hom and sockors

For thoo that don wylle schall at gret dom here  
 The voys of God that woll say com neer  
 My fader blesyd chyldyr free  
 And receyve my kyndam with mee  
 Ordeynyd and dyght for man  
 Seythyn the tyme that the word began  
 Tundale prayd with gud wylle

1810 The angell that he myght dwell styll  
 The angell gaff hym noo onswere  
 For he wold not doo his prayer  
 Furder more yett then went thay  
 With owtyn travayll or peyn her way  
 And ylk on as they went abowte  
 Come to Tundale and to hym dyd lowtte  
 And haylsyd hym and callyd hym ryght  
 By hys name as he hyght  
 They made gret ioy at is metyng

1820 For they wer fayn of his commyng  
 And thonkyd God all myghty  
 That hym delyuered thoro hys mercy  
 And seydon honour and loyng myght bee  
 To the Lord of blys and pyte  
 That wold not the deythe off synfull men  
 But that they turne and leve ayeyn  
 And throw is mercy wold ordeyn  
 Too delyuer this sowle from helle peyn  
 And wold bryng hym thus gracyously

1830 Among this holy company  
 Tho angell and Tundale yett furder went  
 And Tundale lokyd and toke gud tent  
 They saw a walle as they schuld passo  
 Well herre than that toder wasse

iij gaudium

v gaudium

That wall semyd to Tundale syght  
 As hyt wer all of gold bryght  
 That was schynand and more clere  
 Than euer was gold in this world here  
 Tundale thoght more ioy of that walle  
 1840 To behold that bryght metalle  
 • Then hym thoght of the solemnyte  
 And of the ioy that he had see  
 Within that wall come they sone  
 As they hadon erward done  
 Tundale beheld that place thare  
 So fayr a plas saw he neuer are  
 Ne he ne noo eyrthely mon  
 As that was that he saw anon  
 Ther in saw he as hym thoght  
 1850 Mony a trone all of gold wroght  
 And of pracyous stonis seer  
 That wer sette ther on dyuerse manere  
 With ryche clothis wer they keuered ychon  
 So ryche was ther eyr neuer see he non  
 Holy men and wemen bothe  
 Saten in hom clad in ryche clothe  
 He saw abowt hom in that tyde  
 Fayr honourmentys on yche a syde  
 All that he saw wer full bryght  
 1860 Tundale saw neuer suche a syght  
 Ne noo hert myght thynke of cyrthely man  
 Soo fayr a syghtto as saw he than  
 Tho greytt bryghtnes of Goddis face  
 Schon among hom in that place  
 That bryghtnes schon more cleer  
 Then ouer schon any sonne here

Allwey hyt was fayr and clear  
 And semyd as hyt had been gold wyr  
 Crownis on her heddys they had ychon  
 1870 Of gold with mony a prescyous ston  
 Of grett vertu and dyvers colowrys  
 They semyd all kyngys and emperowrys  
 Soo feyr crownis as ther was seen  
 In this world wer on kyng ne qwene  
 Lectornes he saw befor hem stande  
 Of gold and bokys on hem lyggande  
 And all the lettornes that he saw thare  
 Wer made of gold bothe lasso and mare  
 They song all ther with myld chere  
 1880 Aleluya with vocys soo elore  
 Hym thought they song so swete and clene  
 Hyt passed all the joyes that he had seen  
 And soo mykyl joy had he of that  
 That all oder joyes he forgatte  
 These men quod the angell bryght  
 Ar holy men that God loyvyd ryght  
 That for Goddis love wer buxvm  
 In eyrthe to thole martyrdvm  
 And that waschyd her stolys in the blod  
 1890 Of the lombe wyt myld mol  
 And had laft the world all holely  
 For to serve God all myghty  
 And to kepe her bodys ay fre  
 Fro lechery to chastyte  
 And they louyd soburnes ay  
 And wold not lye but sothe to say  
 Therfor they ar to God full dere  
 As hys darlyngys thei bee thus here

Among all that joy and solas  
 1900 Tundale lokyd and saw a plas  
 Full of pavelons schynand  
 Soo fayr wer neuer non seyn in land  
 They wer keveryd with purpull and grys  
 That wer full ryche and grett of prye  
 The walle was ouer sette and dyght  
 With besantes of gold and seluer bryght  
 And with all oder ryches hit was ouer went  
 That noo eyne myght see nehart myght thynke  
 The cordys thorof wer bryght and new

1910 They were of sylke and of rych hew  
 They were all with syluer twynvd  
 And freyt with gold that bryght scheynod  
 And tho cordys wer instrumentis seer  
 Of musykys that hadon swette sond and clere  
 Orgons symbols and tympanys  
 And harpis that ronge all at onys  
 They yeve a full delectabull sond  
 Bothe trobull and meyne and burdown  
 And oder instrumentis full mony

1920 That madon a full swette melody  
 All maner of musyk was ther hard thanne  
 Soo mucho in eyrthe hard neuer no manne  
 Not by an hondrythe thowsand part  
 As this was to any monnis regarde  
 Within the ryche pavelons whyte schynande  
 Ay mekyll folke were syngande  
 Full swetly with a mery stevon  
 With all maner of musyk accordant eyvon  
 So mucho murthe as they made within

1930 No wordlyche wytte may ymagyn

Tundale thought that all the blys  
 That euer he had seyn was not to thy  
 Then spake the angyll with myld chere  
 Vnto that sowle on thy manere  
 These folke he seyd that murthe makyth thus  
 They wer gud relygyous  
 As freris monkys nonnis and channonis  
 That wolle heldon hor proffessyounis  
 Tho wycho to God wer beysy ay

1940 Too serve hym bothe nyght and dey  
 Bothe blythelyche and with gud wyll  
 Hys commandementys to fullsylle  
 And louyd ay God in hor lyfe here  
 And to hym euer obeydyand wero  
 And putte hom with clene conseyonis  
 Vnder the rewle of obeedyons  
 And to chast lyfe hom toke  
 And all hor fleschely wyll forsoke  
 Thei hyldon sylens with owtton jangelyng

1950 And best louyd God ouer all thyng  
 Syr seyd Tundale Y pray thee  
 Let hus goo nerre that Y may see  
 The swete semland and feyr chere  
 Of the mury songis soo schyll and clere  
 Then seyd the angell so feyr and bryght  
 Here of thou schalt have a sight  
 Of hem as thou hast mee besoghtte  
 Butt entre to hom getust thou noght  
 The syghitt he seyd of the trynyt

1960 Schall not be schewyd vnto the  
 Thou schalt be vnknowyn of that syght  
 But this Y wolle the schewe that Y have hyght

So all they in world here  
 That have bee borne and chyldrun were  
 That throw Godis grace have ben gud in levynge  
 Ar now ordeynyd suche lykyng

That here they schulle dwell euer for sothe  
 With all halows and with angells bothe  
 That in hor lyffe ay chast have bene

1970 And levyd wylle as vergynes clene  
 Thei schall euer thus ioyfull bee  
 For they seen ouor God in hys see  
 They went then forthe and forder more  
 By a fayr way that they in wore  
 Full greyt plonte then saw thay  
 Of men and wemmen by that way  
 That semyd all as angells bryght  
 Soo feyr they semyd to her syght  
 Ther was soo swete savour and smyll

1980 That noo hart myght thenke ne tong telle  
 And swete voyse and melody  
 Was among that company  
 That made Tundale foryette clene  
 All oder joyes that he had seyn  
 For all manor instrumentys seer  
 Of musyk that wer and clere  
 Gaffe ther sown and wer ryngand  
 With owtyn towchynge of monnis hand  
 And the vocys of spyrytis thare

1990 Passyd all joyes that ther ware  
 And made joy and wer gladde  
 And non of hom travell hadde  
 Hor lyppis wer not mevand  
 Ne made no contynanse with hand

vj gaudium

The instrumentys rong ther full schryll  
 And noo travaylle was don ther tyll  
 All maner of sownd was ther in  
 That hart myght thynke or ymagyn  
 Fro tho fyrnament above hor hedde  
 2000 Com mony bryght beymis into that sted  
 For the wyche thyng schynis of dyuers fold  
 Schynand full bryght of fyn gold  
 They hongyd full thycke on ylke a party  
 And annainelyd wonder rychely  
 All wer they joynyd and fastenyd ryght  
 In yardys of seluer full gayly dyght  
 That hongud vp full hye in the eyre  
 Ther was noo eyrthely lyght neuer soo feyr  
 Among them hong groyt plente  
 2010 Of ryche jowellys and of greyt beawtte  
 Fyollys and cowpis of greyt prysse  
 Symbols of syluer and flowredelyce  
 With bellys of gold that mery rong  
 And angellys flewyn ay among  
 With whyngis of gold schynand bryght  
 Noo eyrtholy mon saw euer seche syght  
 As the angels that flewyn in the eyre  
 Among the boymis that wer soo feyre  
 Ther was suche joy melody and ryngyng  
 2020 And suche murthe and such syngyng  
 And suche a syghett of rychesse  
 That all thys world myght hit not gosse  
 Nor all the wyttis that cuer wer sey  
 Cowthe hyt neuer halfe dyscry  
 Tundale euer grett delyte had  
 Of that myrthe and joy that was soo glad

That he wold neuer have gon away  
 But ther have y-dwellyd for euer and ay  
 Then spake the angell with myld mod  
 2030 Vnto Tundale ther he stode  
 Cum now he seyd hedur to mee  
 Anon he come and saw a tree  
 That wonderly mykyll was and hye  
 Suche on saw he never with yye  
 Grett and hyo that tre was  
 And brod and round all of compas  
 Chargytt on yche a syde full evon  
 With all kyn frysse that mon myght nemon  
 That full delycous was to fele

2040 With all kyn fruyt that savoryd wele  
 Of dyuerse kynd and seer hew  
 Sum wyte sum reede sum yollow sum blew  
 And all maner erbya of vartu  
 And of euery spyce of valew  
 That feyr was and swette smylland  
 Growyd ther and wer floryschand  
 Mony fowlys of dyuerse colowrys  
 Seyt among tho fruyt and the flowrys  
 On the branchus syngant so meryly  
 2050 And madon dyuerse melody  
 Ylke on of hom on hys best manere  
 That song was joyfull for to here  
 Tundale lystenyd fast and logh  
 And thought that was joy ynoght  
 He saw vndur that ylke tree  
 Wonnand in cellys gret plente  
 Of men and wemen schynand bryght  
 As gold with all ryches dyght

He loued God with gret talent

2000 Of the gyftus that hym he had sent  
 Ychon had on hys hod a crowne  
 Off gold that was of semyly faschyoun  
 All sett abowtē on seyr wyse  
 With pracyous stonis of full gret prise  
 And septuris in ther hand they had  
 With gold they wer full rychely clad  
 With bryght clothis of ryche hew  
 As they wer kyngys crownyd new  
 So rychely as they wer dyght

2070 Was neuer eyrthely mon of myght  
 Than spake the angell as swythe  
 To Tundale that was bothe glad and blythe  
 And seyd thys tree that thou myght see  
 To all holy chyrche may lykkynyd bee  
 And tho folke that thou seyste here dwelle  
 Vnder tho tree in her scelle  
 Tho ar men that throw devocyon  
 Made howssus of relygyon  
 And susteynyd well Goddis servyse

2080 And foundyd chyrchys and chantryse  
 And mayntened the state of clargy  
 And feffud holy chyrche rychely  
 Bothe in londys and in rentys  
 With feyr and worchepfull honowrmentys  
 As they that the world forsoke  
 And to clene relygyon hom toke  
 Therfor they ar as thou myght see  
 All reynyng in won fraternyte  
 And ay schull have rest and pes

2090 And joy and blys that neuer schall see

Noo lenger ther they stooode  
 But furder more yet thei yood  
 They saw a noder feyr wall stand  
 Of groyt heyght full bryght schynand  
 Thaffe that toder wer feyr ther they had ben  
 But non so feyr as that was seen  
 Tundale beebyld hyt and abadde  
 And avysud hym wharof hyt was made  
 Hee saw this wall as hym thought

2100 All of praceous stonis wrought  
 Hyt semyd that the stonis brand  
 So wer they of red gold schynand  
 The stonis wer full whyte and clere  
 What stonis they wor ye schall here  
 Crystall that was whyte and clere  
 Berell cresolyte and saphere  
 Emeraudis dyamondis that men desyres  
 Jacyntus smaragdynes and rubyes  
 Emastyce and charbokull all soo

2110 Omacles and tapaces and oher moo  
 Strong stonis of deuerse hew  
 Suche saw he neuer ne knew  
 Then spake the angell soo feyr and free  
 Tundale he seyd cum vp and see  
 They clombon bothe vp on that wall  
 And lokyd doun and seyyn ouer all  
 The greyt joy that they saw thare  
 Semyd a thowsand fold mare  
 Then all the joy that they had seyn

2120 Ther as they be foor had beyn  
 For noo wytte myght tell of monis mowthe  
 Thaffe he all the wytte of the world cowthe

Ne hart myght thynke no eyre y-here  
 No oo see war heo neuer soo clore  
 Tho joy that thor was and tho blysse  
 That God had ordynyd for all hysses  
 They saw ther as the story doghthe tell  
 The nyne ordyrs of angoll  
 They schon as bryght as the sonne

2130 And holy spyrtis among hom wonne  
 Provey wordys they hard than  
 That fallyth to be schewyd to no man.  
 Then seyd the angell on this manere  
 Tundale opon thy cyrys and here  
 And that thou herust thou not for yete  
 For in thi mynd loke thou hyt sette  
 God that ys with owtyn ende  
 Wolle turno to the and be thi frend  
 Now see that here ys joy and blys

2140 That they that here aron schull neuer mysse  
 Ouer that yett saw they moore  
 Among the angell that ther wore  
 They seen the holy trynyte  
 God sytting in hys maieste  
 They beheld fast hys swette face  
 That schon so bryght ouer all that place  
 All the angells that ther were  
 Dud renne to be hold hys face soo clore  
 For the bryghtnes and the bewte

2150 That they in hys face myght see  
 Was seyvon sythis bryghtter to syght  
 Then euer schon sonne that was soo lyght  
 The whyche syght is foode to angell  
 And lyffe to spyrtis that ther dwell

In the styd wher they stode  
 They saw all both evyll and gud  
 All the joy and the peyn be neythen  
 That they had be foron y-seyyen  
 They saw all soo the world brad

2160 And all the creaturya that God had mad  
 Ther saw they the order here as wee wonne  
 In a bryght berm of the sonne  
 Ther may no thyng in thys world bee  
 Soo sotyll nor so preve  
 But that he may see a party  
 That hath seyn God all myghty  
 Tho eene that have seen hym  
 Mow neuer be made blynd nor dym  
 Bot they had such power and myght

2170 Ther they stodon on the walle bryght  
 Thar they myght see at a syght clere  
 All thyng that was bothe far and nere  
 Alle that was be hynd hom at that tyde  
 By for hom and on ylke a syde  
 All at onys in that bryght place  
 Was schewyd ther be for her face  
 Off thyngys that Tundale had knowyng thare  
 Hyt was myster to have noo mare  
 He knew wat thyng that he wold

2180 With owtyn any boke to be told  
 As Tundale stod he saw com thanne  
 Won that hyght Renodan  
 That made joy and glad chere  
 And grett hym on fayr manere  
 And toke hym in hys armis louely  
 And schewyd hym love and curtesy

And as they stod to gedur  
 Son blesyd be thi comyng hydur  
 For this tyme forward thou may have lykyng  
 2100 In the world to have gud endyng  
 Y was sumtyme thy patron free  
 Too whom thou schulldust borun bee  
 Thou art holdyn as thou wost welle  
 Too me namly on knous to knele  
 And when he had seyd this wordys thare  
 Hoo lafft hys specho and spake noo mare  
 Tundale loked with blythe chero  
 On ylko a sydo bothe farre and nere  
 Ilo saw seynt Patryk of Yrland

2200 Comyng in a bryght tyro schynand  
 And mony a byschop nobely dyght  
 Thon had ho grott joy of that syght  
 They wer full of joy and lykyng  
 With owtyn dole or any sykyng  
 Among that blesydfull company  
 He saw thor fowre byschopis namly  
 That ho know be syght of semland  
 Whan he was in the world dwelland  
 They wer gud men and lyued with right  
 2210 And won of hom Celestyen hyght  
 That was archebyschop of Armake  
 And muche gud dedde for Goddis sake  
 And a noder hyght Malachye  
 That come astur hym full gracyouslye  
 That pwopo Celestyen of hys grace  
 Mad archebyschop of that place  
 In hys lyffe he gaffe with hart glad  
 Too pore men all that he had

He mad colagys and chyrychs mony  
 2220 That nomburd wor to fowre and fownty  
 Namely for men of relygyon  
 Too serve God with devocyon  
 He seffyd hem and y-noogh hem gaffe  
 All that was nedfull hem to hafe  
 Save that aght to hym selfo only  
 Hoo last hym noght to lyve by  
 The thrydde of hem that he know than  
 Hyght Crystyne that was an holy man  
 That was sumtyme byschop of Lyon  
 2230 And lord of mony a possesyon  
 But hoo was ay moko in hort  
 Symplyst of wyll and pouert  
 He was Malachynis owne brodur  
 Ayder of hem loved well oodur  
 The fowrte of hem that he thor knew  
 Hyght Noomon that was full trow  
 And ryght wise whyle he loyvd bodily  
 That sumtyme was byschop of Clemy  
 And passud all the toder thro  
 2240 Off wytte and wysdam in his degre  
 Tundale saw be syde hem stand  
 A sege that was full bryght schynand  
 But hyt was voyde wen he saw hyt  
 For he saw non ther in sytte  
 Ho be held fast that sege soo bryght  
 And askyd for whom hyt was y-dlyght  
 Then spak Malachye and soyd  
 Thys sege is ordeynynd and purveyd  
 For won of owre breder dere  
 2250 When he comthe schall sytton here

The whyche is yette in the world levand  
 Ay tyll he com hyt schall voyde stand  
 Tundale had delyte greytt  
 Of the sygght of that fayr seytt  
 And as he stod joyfull and blythe  
 Then com the angoll to hym full swythe  
 And spake to hym with blythe chore  
 Tundale he seyd how lykuth the here  
 Thou hast mony a foyre syght seyn  
 2260 In dyuorse places ther thou has boyn  
 That have Y lord he seyd and loogh  
 Y have seyn joy y-noogh  
 Dore lord Y pray the of thy graco  
 Loyt me not owt of thys place  
 For Y wold neuer owt of this place wendo  
 But dwell here with owtyn endo  
 Thou spokyst quod the angoll all in veyn  
 Thou schalt turne to the body a yeyn  
 That thou hast seyyn hold in thy thoght  
 2270 And that thou hard foryote hyt noght  
 Whon ho had seyd on thys manoro  
 Then wept Tundale and made sory chore  
 And seyd Lord what have Y done  
 That Y schall turne aycyn so sone  
 To my body full of wrochydnes  
 And leyve all this joy that here is  
 The angell onswerd on thys manere  
 And seyd that ther may non dwelle here  
 But holy vyrgyns that have bone  
 2280 Chast and kept hor bodys clene  
 And for the love of God all myghty  
 Have forsake the world all helely

And to God ar gevyn fro all ylle  
 With all her thoghtys and all her wyll  
 But suche a thoughtte and wyll was non in the  
 When thou wast in thi nowne poste  
 To God wold thou not the bowe  
 Ne my conseyle wold thou not know  
 To dwelle here art thou not worthy

2200 But turno agayn to thy body  
 And of fylthe make the cleno  
 And fro syn honforward thou the absteyne  
 My holpe thou schalt have and my consell  
 So that thou schalt not of hevyn fayll  
 When the angell had seyd thys  
 Tundalo turnyd from all that blysse  
 As hys sowle wox all hevy  
 And fold hyt chargyd with hys body  
 He oponyd hys cone then and saw  
 2300 And hys lynes to hym con draw  
 And or he speake any thyng  
 He lyfte vp a groyt sykyng  
 They that hym saw and stodon by  
 Wer astoneyd and had farly  
 And tho that loyvd hym wer full fayn  
 That ho was turnyd to the lyfe aycoyn  
 He dressyd hym up all sykande  
 And weptt and made hevy semlande  
 And seyde thys with a grette crye  
 2310 Lord Jhesu Cryst thy marce  
 Worse than Y am quod he than  
 Was neuer noon boron of womman  
 But now wyls that Y have space  
 Y wolle amend with help and grace

Reversio  
Anime.

Off God that for vs tholyd pyne  
 Y hoope he wolle not my sowle tyne  
 He spake to hym selfe and seyd kaytiff  
 Why hast thou levyd so wyked lyff  
 Hy have ben he seyd a wyckyd man  
 2320 Full sore hym tonyd at hym selfe than  
 He bethoght hym of all the tyme  
 Of the greyt sygghtis that he had seyn  
 Ther for hyt semyd be hys contynance  
 That for hys synne he had repentance  
 All had they ferly that by hym stode  
 That he soo well had turnyd hys mood  
 For that he was sumtyme soo fell  
 As ye be fore have hard me tell  
 Won of hom that stod hym next  
 2330 Askyd hym yf he wold have a presto  
 For to schryve hym of all the foly  
 And to hosull hym with Goddis body  
 Then answerd he a yeyn  
 Yee he seyd Y wold full feyn  
 That the prest come to me  
 To here my schryft in priuyto  
 And to howsull me then wer Y saffe  
 Y pray yow do me a prest to haffe  
 And Goddis body that Y may take  
 2340 For all my synnis Y woll for sake  
 The prest come sone for he was soght  
 And Goddis body with hym he broght  
 When Tundale was schrevon and made redy  
 He receyvyd the ost full mekely  
 Then spake Tundale with hert free  
 Lord he seyd lovyd mot thou bee

For thy maroy and thi gudnes  
 Passus all mennys wykkydnes  
 Thaffe hyt be muche and grevus score  
 2350 Thy grace and thi maroy is meche more  
 Mony a mon and also wenmen  
 Wer geydoryd abowt hym then  
 He told hom wer he had y-ben  
 And wat he had hard and seyn  
 And wat he had feld was in his thoght  
 He held hit in mynde and for yeet hit noght  
 And he warnyd ylke aman that peyn wold  
 drede

Too amend hom here or that they yeede  
 He cownseled hom to bee holy  
 2360 And bad hom leyve hor greyt foly  
 And turno hom to God all myghty  
 Servyng hym euer more devoutly  
 He prechyd the wordys of God thare  
 That neuor was prechyd among hem are  
 And hom that synfull wor he told  
 How thei schuld bo with don as Godis wyll  
 wold

And comfordud gud men that wer clene  
 Throw the joy that he had seyn  
 And whyles he levyd synnis he fledde  
 2370 And all hys lyffe in holynes ledde  
 He made to the world noo countynance  
 But he leuyd euer in peynanse  
 He gaffe all hys gud away  
 Too pore men for hym to pray  
 Noo worldys gud more wold he have  
 But levyd as long as God voched save

And at the last wen he schuld hennis passe  
 When that Goddis swete wylle was  
 The sowle departyt from the body

2380 And yode to God all myghty  
 In hevon euer more to dwell  
 Ther more joy is than tong may tell  
 Too that joy he hus bryng  
 That made hevyn eyrthe and all thyng  
 Ylkon of yow that have hard mee

2386 Seythe amen for charytee

Explicit Tundale quod Hyhæg

Be it trine or be it fals  
 Myt is as the coopy was

## Trentalle Sancti Gregorii.

SOME tyme in Rome a pope ther was  
That hadde a moder full fayr of face  
And the beste I undirstonde  
That was holden in Romes londe  
Of fastyng and of preyers as we rede  
And of other almes dede  
Tyl at the deuell that neuer can blyn  
Had brocht hor in a preuey syn  
Ho dorst noght telle no man  
Ho was holden so god a womon  
To mynser ne to frere Austyn  
To caryne ne to Jacobyn  
To no prest ne to clarke  
Ho durst not schow hor yvel warke  
Tyl sykenes told hor wonder sothe  
That ho trowed to lyf no more  
To the pope hor son ho sende  
Hor to consell and to mendo  
To come to hor als be lyffe  
Yf he wolde se hur on lyffe  
Of this tythandis was he not blythe  
Bot to his moder he wente swythe  
And he askede hur of hur fare.  
Ho sayde ho was in mycull care

Wher fore ho hist no more to lyuen  
Bot to hym ho wold be schrywen  
Alas he sayde alas for syn  
So fayre with owt and fole with in  
Synfull I have byn mony a day  
Son of conseil I thou pray  
Bot yf that I haue redo of the  
I trow nouer saffe to be  
Thre chylder I have borne  
Foll preuely they byn for lorne  
For I was holden so gud in londe  
I slo hom all with my honde  
Throogh combrous of the devel of helle  
This syn for schame I durst neuer telle  
Alas how scholl I saued bo  
My der son with out red of the  
The pope answart wepyng sore  
Godis mercy is welle more  
My dere moder then thi synne  
Yf thou be sory with in  
I telle thee modor well secerly  
God of thi sole wylle have morcy  
Bot panans I wyll gyff the non  
I so thi lyf will sone be gone  
In hello or in purgatory with outon drede  
Thi sole mot bye thi lyvies dode  
Yoldo the moder to God all myght  
For the I pray both day and nyght  
For hys mercy and hys pote  
Pardon of syn he graunt to the  
Bot god moder my dore dame  
Yf thou may with outon blame

Of Gode to tell mercy thou gene  
 I pray the in Godis name  
 When thou art dede in wele or wo  
 God moder do syght so

My swet son Y schall no slowthe  
 Lyt me ther from here my trowthe  
 Yf God voche safe I com agayne  
 To tell my state I wyll full fayne  
 Ho had unnethe thes wordis sayde  
 Bot ho yelde the gost in a brode  
 Sone to the gronde the con hor bere bryng  
 And beryd hor with outon lesyng  
 The goste com the thyrde nyght  
 To the pope a rufull wyght  
 As blake hym thought as any pyche  
 With burnand fyre he se neuer syche  
 The chambur glyssnet all abowte  
 Theroft the pope had grete dowte  
 And of the gret stynke all so  
 That made hym for to wake tho  
 Ther he hado an yvell fytte  
 That hade negh lost hys wytt  
 Bot at the laste vp he breyde  
 And rusfully this wordis he sayde  
 Bonodicite in Godis name  
 Wo is tho ho says the dame  
 Of that askyng the gost was glade  
 The Pope for ferde was nere made  
 Alas he sayde how art y-stade  
 I am comun so as thou me badde  
 For my socor and my prowe  
 To helpe me of my vowe

My dere sone for charite  
Help me as thou hattest me  
Ther is no tonge that may tolle  
Peynes I soffur they byn so foll  
This hundryth yere I have hem borne  
Bot I haue helpe I am fore lorne  
Ile answart with sory harte  
Me rewes moder of thy smarte  
Yf ther be oght that helpe thou may  
Tell me moder I thou pray  
The sole sayd with sore sykyng  
Wo so dose hyt in hys lyff day  
Well is hym he may say  
That euer yitt was borne  
For pynes thar hym dred non forne  
Of purgatory no of helle  
Whooch peynes byn I lyke full ill  
Tho ton have ende that other is bowte  
Wyll is hym is hom with out  
Thro masses of Crystos natiuite  
And thro of epyphany  
And thre of the poryfycacyon  
And thre of the annunciacion  
And thre of the resureecion  
And thre of the ascencion  
And of the Holy Gost thre schall be  
And other thre of the trinite  
And of our laydis assumpcion thre  
And als mony of here natiuite  
And all this massus I the prya  
With jus hor btas thou hem say  
And yitt wele more thou hase to do

Placebo and dirige thou say ther to  
 Also I pray the my dere son  
 That thou say this oreson  
 God that made all and som  
 And yeld thi selfe fore our rannson  
 Thou wold be borne be fore all other  
 In the londe of be host to be our brother  
 And as thou suffert deth for us  
 Delyuer this soule thou swete Jesus  
 Out of the fendes hondis felle  
 Graunt hyt lorde in joy to dwell  
 Tho folke lorde of mys beleve  
 Then helpe hem lorde or hyt hem greue  
 And lorde for thi grette pete  
 Then helpe hem lorde all that trylis in the  
 The pope vnswart anon ryght  
 Hyt shall be done with all my myght  
 Nowe god moder I pray the  
 Wen hyt is all done thou com to me  
 To tel me of thi fare  
 God bryng us both out of care  
 Then sayd the gost I wyll full fayne  
 Yf God voche safe I com agayne  
 To tell the at the last  
 Wen all my paynes byn past  
 Farewell son for now I go  
 For Godis lofe thynke on my wo  
 The pope lett send swyth sone  
 To the freres of saynt Austen  
 To mynor or to Jacobyn  
 And to the freres of Mont Carmell  
 With hys blesyng he gret hom welle

To prest and clarke that woned in Rome  
To pylgrimis that thider com  
He bade hem on this blesyng  
Hys moder sole to in mynde  
In hor preyers and byddyng  
Hym selfe wolde the masses syng  
Wen the trontall was all done  
Ho came agayne full sone  
The thryde nyght secorly  
After the byrth of thor lady  
To the pope in this chambur  
With tho most swett sauor  
That euer he felde in his lyfe  
Therwith the pope wakende swyth  
Much myrthe y-hard and full grete steuin  
He so fayre angels were comin fro heuin  
Betwene hom they broght his moder I wis  
Hym thought ho was the qwene of blys  
So fayre ho schon so bryght ho was  
The pope knelet doun in that place  
Lade he sayde I serued now the  
That thou wolde schow the to me  
As I schall the serue swette lady  
Of my moder sole hafe mercy  
Nay sayde the sole thou mys leuest  
I am not ho that thou wenest  
Thi moder I am and not the qwene  
Blossed mot thou be ever ben  
For thorogh thi prayers my dere sone  
Euer in blysse I schall won  
God of heuin brynge tho thedur  
That we may have that joy togedur

And to the blesse then com we  
Amen sayd all for charyte  
Here endes the trentall of Gregori  
God of our soles haue merci Amen

Explaynt trentalle Sancti Gregorii

Be it trowne or be it fals  
It is as the cope was



## The Circunsision.

Whan Janus bifrons in cold Jenuare  
With forsty berd enturth in the yere  
And Phebus chare negheth Aquare  
Hys wattrys beemes to fore Feuerere  
Whant that lyght was pale and nothyng clere  
And from hym late parted was Lucyne  
Tho same nyght as Ysaw hur schyno

Horned new with beemes glad and myrye  
On the heuen and cost hur stremes down  
I con remember me on thys hee ferye  
That called is the circunsision  
How hit befell then by revolucyon  
By just a countyng in the kalendere  
The fyrst day of the new yere

And thoght I wold in my booke procede  
Of this fest sumwhat for to wryte  
And to the gospel fyrst I con take hede  
Of this day how Luke lyst to endyte  
Thowgh he therof spoke but a lyte  
And was full bref and compendyous  
Yett of this day so hee and gloryous

He wryth pleynly and seyth how that a non  
After the day of the natiuite  
When viij dayes passed weron and gon  
The chyld was broght with all humlylyte  
To the temple lowly for to be  
As the law of Jowes hath deuyseid  
The eyght day to be circunsyed

And therto he mekly dyd obey  
And with a knyfe made full scharpe of ston  
His moder lokyng with a pytuos eye  
The chylde was corve ther with all anon  
That all abowtt the rede blode can gon  
With owt abydyng as seyth Bonaventure  
That for tho peyne that he dyd endure

And for scharpenes of the soden smarte  
The chyld can wepe that pete was to here  
Wherfore his moder of verrey tender hart  
Owtt barst on teeres myght herself not stere  
That all by dewed wer hur eyon clere  
Whan sche saw hym that sche loved soo  
So yong so feyre to wepe so for woo

But he anon in all hys passyon  
For all that he was so yong of age  
In maner he had pete and compassyon  
To se hys moder so wepe in hur age  
And put hys hond vnto hur vysage  
On mowthe and eyon passyng benygn  
And as he cowd gudly made a syngne

With owt speche to stynt hur wepyng  
 That com to hur of moderly pete  
 And sche ful wel conseyyng his meening  
 From poynt to poynt and then anon con sche  
 To loko on hym that was so feyr to be  
 And hys feturos consydered by and by  
 And in hur armes wonder womonly

Sche toke hym up and prayed hym be stylle  
 As of modurs is pleynly the maner  
 And he in all obeyeth to hur wyll  
 Thogh he wer yong and began to change chere  
 And with hur kerchef sche made her eyon clere  
 On hys chekis in all that ever sche may  
 Full modurly the teeres sche wypt away

And lyke of alyckenes as hit is devysed  
 That Cryst Jesus who so lyst to se  
 In swor maner was trwly cyrcunsyed  
 The fyrst of his moder in his natiuite  
 With the knyfe of poverte  
 And now this day which is not feyned  
 Eke with a knyfe by the law ordyned

The thryd maner ye may also consider  
 How with a knyfe of grete adversyte  
 That he was kyt fyrst when he com hyder  
 Takyng for us here hys humanyte  
 And at the last with full grete cruelte  
 For us he suffurd circunsyson  
 Upon the cros duryng his passyon

Also in iiiij maner who so can take hede  
Christ in his choson by gud inspecccion  
Here in this world with any drede  
Of new he suffurd a circunsyson  
The fyrat is made by false detraccion  
That kytteth away both frend and fame  
And the schynnyng of hur gud name

The second is by fals tyranny  
Of suche that have no concyens at all  
But taketh away by cursed robbery  
Unrightfully hur gudis temporall  
And the thryd is sothely most mortall  
Of eyretykes that falsly dysobey  
To holy chyrche and to our feyth varrey

The fourth is made by effusyon of blode  
Of tyrranitis that the bodye slethe  
When thei of malice ageyno the feyth bewode  
To execute hur venym vp by deth  
To make martyrs yeld up the breth  
Whom Cryst Jesu eternally in glory  
Ordeynod hath a palme of his victory

Also v tymes Cryst in his manhode  
Sched his blode by effusyon  
And fyrist of all when he dyd blede  
Upon the day of hys cyrcunsyson  
And next in soth befor hys passyon  
Upon the hyll for angwyshe when he swett  
The red blode whech all his body wette

The thryd tyme his blod most vertuos  
Con run out by mony cruell wond  
When he that was the kyng most gracyos  
Of the Jowes to a pyler was bound  
The fowrt tyme eke as hit is fownd  
He spend his blode for owr althe gud  
When he was nayled upon the rod

And althe last when Longeus fere  
Thorow his hart pleynly as I synd  
On Caluery hym perced with a spere  
That blode and water as bookis make mynd  
Con streme downe to his eyon blynd  
By whose vertu anon thys Paynym knyght  
Only of grace hath recoverd his syght

And in bookis eke as hit is told  
How the pece of his incisyon  
Was by an angell in an uryn of gold  
To Charles browght in a vysyon  
And he anon of grete affectyon  
Of this myracle for the excellencie  
And made hit be kept for grete reverence

At Aquisgreyn but yf bookis lye  
Full mony yer by revolucyon  
In a church sothly of Marie  
But clerkis hau an opeynyon  
That in the day of resurecyon  
When Cryst Jesu roose from deth to lyfe  
The same pece retourned also by lyue

To the place where that hit com fro  
Sython that hit was sothly as I fynd  
Of thy monhode perteyning thertoo  
And a party longyng to his kynd  
Thowgh hit so be that bookis make mynd  
That in Roine hit is as yott reserved  
And yore by yore whon this fest is served

In a chyrch whych men of custom call  
Sanctu Storva by old fundacyon  
The same day ther the prestis all  
Solemply makon a stacyon  
When all the pepull gown on processyon  
Fully in hope better for to sped  
From yore to yore ther they syng and rede

And forthermor the story doth devyse  
The same day ryght forth with anon  
In the temple as they hym dyd circunsayse  
Ho named was Jesus of euery ychon  
Of which name long or that agoon  
Was of the angell told and soyd afore  
To his modor or that he were bore

And to reherse the grete wurthynesse  
Of thys name which may not be dyscreved  
My wyttis be so dull with rudeness  
And in the cheynes of ignoraunce gyved  
That Iallas of cunnyng am depreued  
Thorow lack of wytte in euery manner wyse  
To undersong so passyng an hee emprise

For thys is the name whos con dyscerne  
 Most excellent and most of dygnyte  
 The name of names sacryd from eterne  
 As seyth Barnard who so lyst to se  
 Fygured fyrist unto Josue  
 Thorow hys knyghthode when that he schuld lede  
 The pepull of God to save him in her nede

For this is the name that hartis most desyre  
 Ther is ther in soo passyng swettnes  
 For hit may best with graco hom enaspyre  
 And with plente of all gostly ryches  
 Hit is comfort and socour in sekness  
 Refute also rest and remedy  
 To all tho that felon maledye

Ageyn langor the best medyceyne  
 In all thys world that owhor may be found  
 For thys name is so heavenly and devyne  
 That hertis syko hyt dotho with holo habownd  
 Hyt curoth sores hyt heleth euory wownd  
 And saveth men fro maym of swyrd and sper  
 Whore euor thei ryde in perel nye or farr

Hit is fyrist wryten in the booke of lyfe  
 For worthyest and most of reuerence  
 As hit is eke best presarvatyffe  
 Ageyn the assawte and the vylence  
 Of wyked eyre to voyde pestylence  
 And from the deth hem that pleynon sore  
 Of his vertu to helthe hit doth restore

Hit is also so the fast saluacion  
 To all that ben in pouerte and in nede  
 Hit is defence hit is proteccyon  
 In yche perel and in euory drede  
 Hit is also the guerdon and the mede  
 To hem that ben in exyle of owtrage  
 Repeyre fynall of hur pylgrimage

Hit is the well with iiiij stremes  
 Wherof Barnard wryteth in sentence  
 That thorow the world refreschoth all reemis  
 Hit is so holsom and of suche excellencie  
 The fyrst he calleth the streme of sapience  
 Of whyche the flos most july is habownd  
 And ryghtwysnes he nameth the secound

And the thryd he calleth holyness  
 For hit excelleth in perfeccyon  
 The fourth also I con well expremo  
 Hit is the flos of owro redempcyon  
 And of the fyrst in conclusyon  
 Of whech the stremis ben so fresch and fyne  
 Who so looke aryght is hooly owro doctryne

And of his ryght to make meneyon  
 The holsom well euer doth flow and flete  
 With mercy modded and remyssyon  
 Before his dome his iro for to lete  
 And of the thryd the water ys so swette  
 By god ensample who so can dyscerne  
 In vertu euer how we schuld hus gourne

And of the fowrt to speke in speeyall  
 His all owre helthe and salvacion  
 For therin is owre remedy fynall  
 Ageynis dethe and full proteccion  
 Whos blod sprang owtt of Crystis passion  
 And who that lust by water to atame  
 He schall hit fynd enclosed in this name

Of perfyt ryches hit is tresory  
 Whych may not wast but eylyke abyde  
 The fyre hit quencheth also of envy  
 And represeth the boluyng eke of prude  
 And thorow mckynes sotteth yre asyde  
 And who that hathie this name in remembraunce  
 The spyryt of slowth hyin may do no grevaunce

Hit is also myghty it pothys fayre  
 Ageynis wanhope and disperacyon  
 Cryst all schold of pals for dyspayre  
 Therofto voyde the fowle abusyon  
 And who that maketh hys invocacion  
 To thys name with hart and stabulnes  
 Hit gyveth hym stronthe hit govyth hym sykernes

The cruel fyr and brennyng withstonde  
 Of lechury and all temptacion  
 Hit is refute to fre and eke to bond  
 That haue therin hur full affeccion  
 Whos vertue was to Kyng Saloman  
 Full long aforon in dyuyne oracle  
 As I fynd schewed by myracle

Thys is the name of prophetis specyfyed  
 In hor wrytyng and in hor bookis old  
 Of the Apostyls most holy magnyfyed  
 By whos vertu they the trouth told  
 This made also martors to be bold  
 And myghty lyke styrne champyons  
 With stabull hart to suffur hor passyons

By thys name thei were victoryous  
 In hor torment pacyens to have  
 This is the name that Ignasius  
 Had in hys hart of gold full depe grave  
 Wherof the tyrant gretly con abave  
 When that he saw his hart kytte atweyn  
 And letturs new depicte in every payn

This is the name that to confessors  
 Was full repast in hur abstinence  
 This is the name that in scharp schowris  
 Of floschly lust was hooly hor defence  
 Hit gaff hom myght to make recistence  
 Ageyn syn knytyl to werroy  
 And to contynu in vertu tyll thoi doy

Hit is the fest and the sugurd foode  
 Of maydonhede and of virginite  
 The oyle of grace holsom to all goode  
 Whech in the lampis of perfit chastite  
 Brenneth so clere with love and charite  
 That wordly wyndis boystust in blowyng  
 Ne may not quenche the lyght of hor schynynge

This is the name that most gyveth melody  
 Vnto the eere and the swetest sown.  
 Hyt is the name of heavenly armony  
 To voyde syn and all temptacyon  
 With full accord ageyn dyvysyon  
 Hit cawseth hartis no lenger to debate  
 That parted weron thorow the warst of hate

Thys name is joy to sorowfull in destres  
 Eternall mede of hem that lyvon in blys  
 Salue unto hem that langor in sekenes  
 Vesture in cold to hem that clothis mysse  
 Souereyn repast hongry for to wysse  
 And for to skape the cruell vyolence  
 Of nedis swyrd whettyng with violence

Cryst is a name of sothfast sacryment  
 The fyrt was gyven of holy unccion  
 And he was called Cryst for this entant  
 For he for mon schuld make oblacyon  
 And for he com for owr saluacion  
 To skowre away the rust of all owre blame  
 Ho hath of Jesus full worthily the name

I fynd in book of old antiquite  
 In her wrytyng as clerkis lyst expresse  
 How ther wer iiij persons of won degre  
 Som tyme anoynted for her worthines  
 Som for monhode som for holynes  
 With observawnce and solempnyte  
 As was conabull vnto hor degre

Prophetis prestis and they that beron crownes  
Ar worthy kyngis of euery regyon  
Anoynted weron and myghty champyons  
With won pallestre thorow hor hee renown  
Or in chaimplos hardy as lyon  
Entur wold som quarel to derayne  
Synglerly by empryse of hem tweyne

And Cryst was all by reson as I preve  
Fyrst a prophete by holy enformacion  
And by his doctryne most worthi of byleve  
And he was also the myghty champion  
That syngulare for owre saluacion  
Fawght with the fende and had victorie  
Mawgrey his myght and wan the palme of glorye

And he was preste mon to reconsyle  
That banysched was owt of eyrytage  
Whom a serpent falsly dyd exyle  
Of fals malice in a soden rage  
And he was borne only by hys lynage  
To be kyng and by power eterne  
When he is crowned hys pepull to governe

Now Cryst Jesu sothefast prest and kyng  
And for monkynd most worthy werour  
Prophete also and trwest in lyvng  
Be thou owre helpe be thou owre socour  
And lyke as a kyng be thou owre gouernour  
And champion to helpe us in owre nede  
And lyke a prophete thou helpe us and rede

O Cryst Jesu to the I clepe and crye  
 From day to day to helpe us and releve  
 And of thi grace us wrecches for to gye  
 And or that thou thi ryghtwysnes preve  
 Lett pete fyrist the to mercy meve  
 And or thi swyrd of veniaunce vs manace  
 Let ruthe afore thi ryghtfull dome embrase

For of owre helpe thou artt the pylere  
 Ageyn dyspayr hooly owre sustynaunce  
 Owre strenth owre myght owre reficte fer and nere  
 In eych perel to save hus from meschaunce  
 Thou art owre store and owre sustynaunce  
 And in myscheve when drede wyll us assayle  
 Thou art owre scheld and owre supportayle

Thow art myghty and thow art meke also  
 Thow art ryghtfull and thow art mercyabull  
 Lomb and lyon thow art called bothe too  
 And sothfast kyng whos regne is inmutabull  
 To repentaunt by rygour not vengeable  
 And euer afore in ponyschygng of the law  
 Pees to preferre or ryght his swyrd may draw

And to bryng the lost schepe ageyn  
 Owt of desert vnto hys pasture  
 That was errawnt ydyl and in vayne  
 O Cryst Jesu of thi benygne cure  
 More redy ay to save and to cure  
 All that ben sore and skabbed eke with syn  
 Rather with pete then with rygour wyn

Now thow that art the verrey ryghtfull lyne  
All that is crooked goodly to redresse  
And mayst of meroy owre myscheve fyne  
O Cryst Jesu well of all swetnes  
Lord of pete lord of ryghtwysnes  
Have vpon hys this day compassyon  
That called is the Circunsyion

And grawnt vs grace with dew reuerence  
This hee fest so noble and so dygne  
Worschyp and holow devoyde of all offence  
And be to vs gudly and benygne  
That wher thys day marked with the syngne  
And karect by the syngne ordeyned  
And of mekenes hath hyt not dysdeyned

And so as thow dydest neuer trespace  
Thorow thi mekenes and low subjeccion  
Suffer woldest this day of thi gracie  
For owre offence circunsyion  
So kytt from huss all temptacion  
Of wordly lust and make the flesh to serue  
To the spirit tyll the bode sterue

And grawnt us grace to lyve chast and clene  
O Cryst Jesu whyl that we ben here  
Thorow prayrer of that hevonly qwene  
That is moydon and moder bothe in feere  
With help of her grawnt vs this new yerre  
So prudently with vertu hus to provyde  
Owre vices all that we may circunsyde

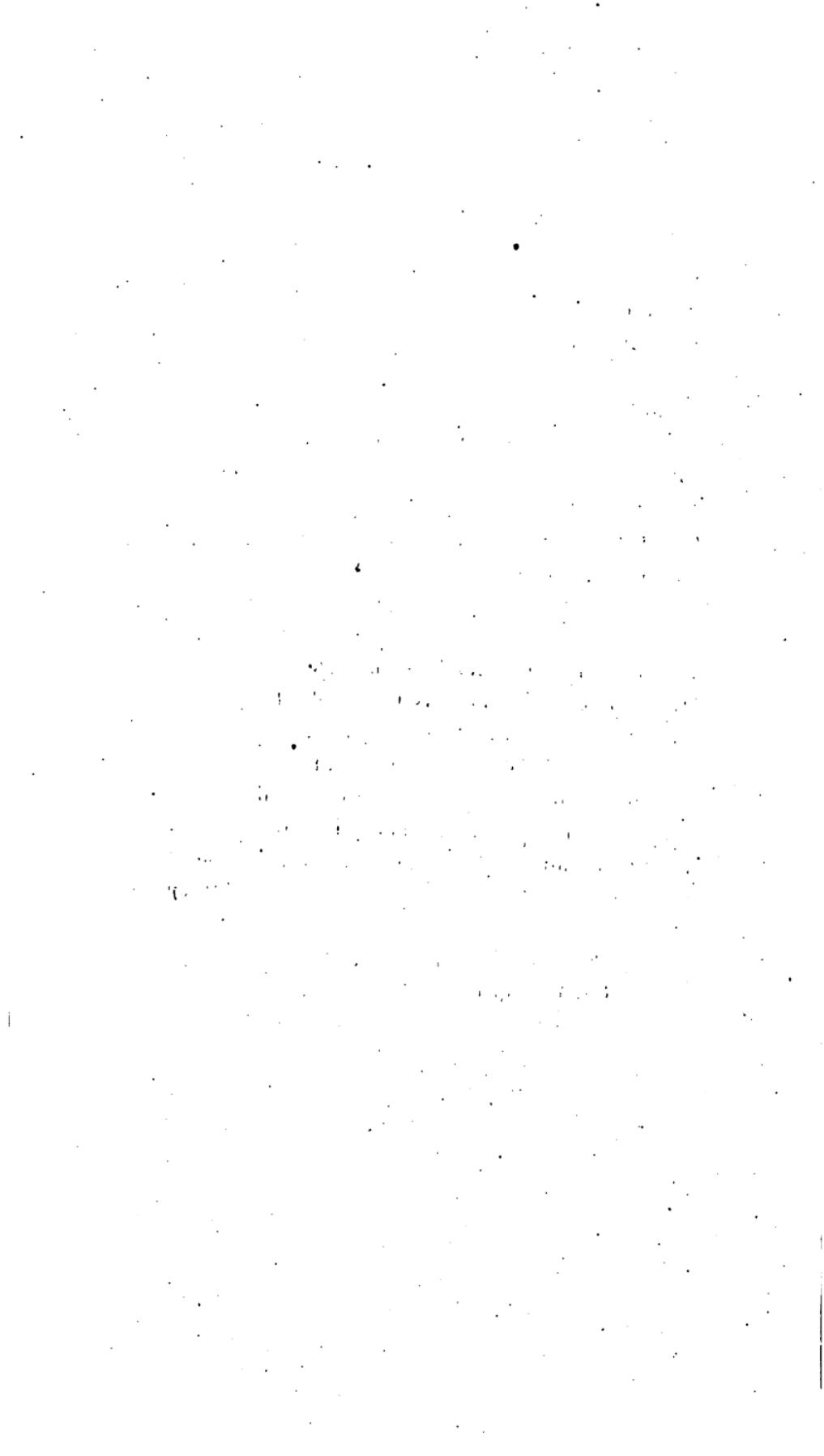
And Cryst Jesu we pray vnto the  
 Lett thi name wher we rydy or son  
 In eych perel and eych adversyte  
 Be owre defence ageyn owre mortal fon  
 To make hem stond styl as any ston  
 And all that vs cast falsaly to verrey  
 Make hur malice mekely to obey

To thi name to make hem stond abak  
 Or they haue power to haunt her cruel myght  
 And wykkod spryritis so horrabul and so blak  
 That besy ben to wayte us day and nyght  
 Lett thi name dryve hem owt of syght  
 And in owre forhede when we Jesus impresse  
 Make us of grace hur malice to oppresse

For in thi name we hooly commende  
 Owre lyfe owre dethe body hart and all  
 Owre sowle also when we hens wend  
 O Cryst Jesu O lord euer immortall  
 Preying to the when thou vs deme schall  
 To save all those from eternall schame  
 That haue fulsyeþ and hooly trust in thi name

**Amen**

Thus endeth as I sey can  
 The Circunsision of God and man



## The Ephiphanye.

Thow lord whos lyght descendeth from fer  
Thorow the rowndnes of the speres nyne  
Withowt whom Phebus nere no sterre  
Upon hevun power hath to schyne  
Lett now thi lyght my darknes enlumyn  
That thorow thi help I may my style gye  
Sumwhat to say of the Ephiphanye.

And lett my brest benyng lord be dewod  
Downe with som drope from thi majeste  
That was this day by a sterre schewod  
Owt of the est to worthi kyngis thre  
Whoch on the nyght of the natyvyte  
Can fyrst aspye the bryght beomes clere  
Of thys sterre and on the hevun aper.

Of whom the spryng was not cawsyl  
Of fortune ne of sodeyne aenture  
For mony a day or thys befell  
And mony a yere by record of scrypture  
With a waytyng and wonder besy cure  
In verrey sothe as I remembur can  
A certeyn kynrad toward the occian

Which of the stok and of the lyne cam  
 Who so lyst to loke in bookis from afer  
 And of the blode of old Balaam  
 That sumtyme had with his asse were  
 The whech sayde ther schuld ryse a ster  
 Owt of Jacob and from Ysraell  
 All yett therof he cowde not tell

Upon whos word fully in beleve  
 Ther schuld ryse such a ster bryght  
 Wer xij choson the trewth to apreve  
 Within mydwynter nyght by nyght  
 When in Aquarye Phebus schad hys lyght  
 For to wayte in hor best wyse  
 When this ster of hevun schuld ryse

And this xij wer of the kynrad  
 Of Balaam as ye have harde me tell  
 And yer by yer schuld take hede  
 Upon an hyll besyde a lytell well  
 And ther in feyr a lytell space dwell  
 Anoynted and bathed and in clothis whyte  
 And of custom ther in slepe but a lyte

Butt in preyer and in certeyne rytis used  
 They most wake and weyte in specyall  
 And non of hem pleynly to be excused  
 Upon thys hyll named Victoryall  
 And yf won deud then his son schall  
 By statute old hys place to occupye  
 Or ellis won that wer ner next of alye.

And this contynned duryng mony a yere  
By custom used of antyquite  
As Phebus went by meuyng circulere  
So they kept hor tymes by degre  
And ych yere wer certeyn dayes three  
By calkyng cast and computacion  
Sowght and chosen owt by eleccion

For to wayte the upryst by the morow  
Of this sterre with his beomes glade  
Which Balaam seyd schuld avoyde owre sorow  
At hys upryst who beomes may not fade  
To schew hys lyght yn euery schowre and schade  
Withoutw wostryng or drawyng to declyne  
Tyll at the last for the same fyne

To see this ster most famows of renown  
On the hevon when hit wold aper  
The worthi kyngis as is made mencion  
Upon this hyll togeder goo in fere  
For cawse thei who so lyst to here  
Weron of the stok of Balaam down descended  
Wherfor of sort the hyll thei ben ascendyd

As byfell hem by custom succede  
At a certeyn yere by revolucion  
And on thys hyll estward they toke hede  
By gud avyse in hor inspeccion  
The same nyght of incarnacion  
That Cryst was borne in Beedlem of Marye  
The same owre they dyd aspye

Of new aryse in the oryent  
 Full lustyly of whom the beemis bryght  
 Con enlumyn all the fyrmament  
 From est to west hyt gaffo soo clere a lyght  
 That of the stremis every maner wyght  
 Astoneyed was they weron so bryght and schone  
 And to the eyon prosawnt for to sene

The which ster drowgh hys cowrse full ryght  
 Toward the hyll lyke as bookis tell  
 Wher the kyngis the long wynter nyght  
 Hyt to awayte solytary dwell  
 And they anon on hor kneues fell  
 And thanked God with all hor hartis furst  
 Whech hath not defrawded hem of her lust

And all the nyght togedur as they woke  
 Upon the ster that schone so feyr and clere  
 And as they sodenly upwards con loke  
 They saw a chyld above the sterre apere  
 Soo yong soo feyr in a goldon spere  
 Full ryaly stondyng above hys hede  
 A large cros that was of blode so reede

The whech chyld spake to hem anon  
 Above the hyll with clere voyce and benyng  
 And bad hem that they schold fast gwon  
 In to Juda ryght as any lyne  
 And folow alway the ster schene  
 That schall hem bryng to that regyon  
 Where that the kyng most worthi of renown

Was borne that tyme to have regalye  
Of Jewes the lond of David verrey ryght  
Whom the sterne dyd specyfye  
When he was borne with hys clere lyght  
And anon when passed was the nyght  
The next morne no longer lyst to abyde  
But toward hym fast for to ryde

With grett aray and royll apparayl  
As was fytyng to her worthines  
They schope hem forth and for they wold not fayl  
To do honor to hys nobylnes  
With hem thei toke gold and grete ryches  
To spend and gyff to and also for they ment  
With gyftis grete the chyld to present

And forth they gwon no longer wold thei tary  
Thorow mony a lond and mony dyuerse yle  
Everych of hem on a dromedary  
Whech was soo swyfft that full mony a myle  
They passed within a lytell whyle  
That in space of dayes throttene  
By count only of the sterre schene

They entred in to Jerusalem  
That of Juda was the chefe cete  
Conveyd euer with the bryght beem  
Of the sterre that was feyr to see  
And when they amyd the cete be  
Not astoneyed asked in audyence  
Wher is the kyng grattest of reuerence

Of Jewes borne to bere a crowne  
 Whose sterre we see in the oryent  
 That from heyvon cast his streemis down  
 Whech all the world vnder the fyrmantement  
 Ys glad to see and we in won entent  
 Haue gyffitis broght owtt of owre contre  
 Hym to honour in hys ryall see

Then when Herod of hor comyng knew  
 He trowbled was and also all the towne  
 And began anon to change chere and hew  
 And made in haste a convacion  
 Of all the prest dwellyng enyron  
 To know clerly and to be certysfyed  
 Of the place that was specyfyed

Of prophetis wher Cryst schall be boron  
 And they anon the trewth to hym told  
 In Beodlom as thei full long aforene  
 Fowndon owtt in hor bookis old  
 And all the maner to hym thei dyd vnfold  
 From poynt to poynt as Mathew maketh mynd  
 Redes his gospell and ther ye schall hit fynd

And then Herode con the kyngis call  
 And of thys mater entredes pruvilly  
 And curiously how that hyt was fall  
 He con enquere full bysly  
 And of the sterre also by and by  
 He asked him in wordis few  
 How and in what wyse hyt con fyrst schew.

And when they had told hym every dele  
Thei parted out of hys presens  
But fyrist he bad hem enquere well  
Of the chyld with all his dylygence  
And when thei had don reuerence  
He charged hem under wordis feyre  
Homward by hym they schuld repeyre

To geve hym clerly enformacion  
Of her expleyte and of the chylde also  
Surly affermyng by fals conclusyon  
That he hym selffe wold after goo  
Vnto the chyld and hys deyver doo  
To worschyp hym as vnder colowrs  
The worm abydeth or serpent vnder flowrs

Dareth full oft and kepeth hym couerly  
Of kynd malice tyll they a tyme see  
To schede her venym and than sodenly  
All at onis when men vnwarnyd bee  
They styngon in hart and schewon her cruelte  
And hur venym vnder flowris feyre  
Full oft is hyd tyll they may repayre

Ryght so tho serpent of iniquite  
Fals tigre full of dowbulnesse  
Vnder colowr of humlylte  
Thi venym dareth and thi falsnes  
O thou tyraunt O roote of cursednes  
Thou Herode of malice most mortall  
What wenest thou that thou knowst all

To dysteyn with thi sleyghty wyle  
 To bryng suger vnder feyn  
 What wenest thou the kyngis to begyle  
 And of malyce bryng hem in a trayne  
 Of whos cumyng though thou dysdeyne  
 Hyt may not pleynly help nor avayle  
 For of thi purpose surly thou schalt fayle

For by grace they schall in quyete  
 Mawgrey thi myght thi dawnger passee  
 For thowgh thou with wordis honny swett  
 Maliciously upon her deth compasso  
 They schall askape in spypo of thi face  
 For all the coniecte of thy prynces wyse  
 As the story anon schall deuyse

And soo with venom in hys hart looke  
 He gaff hem leve passee thorow owt hys reem  
 In her ropeyr hym castyng to be wroke  
 Yf they retourned by Jerusalem  
 And so the sterre hem browght to Beedlem  
 And lyne ryght the chylde above  
 Wher as he lay styl began to hove

Butt who the joy con tell or endyte  
 Or with hys mowthe who con the myrthe expresso  
 Or who con pleynly with hys penne wryte  
 The grotto blysse or ollos tho gladnes  
 Whoch they made in varray sothfastnes  
 After her jornay and long way  
 Aboue the howse when they tho sterre say

That can to him clerly certyfye  
With more the chyldes dwellyng place  
And thei anon fast con hem hye  
With lusty hart and glad chere and myld of face  
And lyght downe in a lytell space  
They made hem redy and with reurence  
They entred in and com in presence

Wher as the chyld most worthi of degre  
Was with Mary and in an ox stall  
And humble the kyngis all thre  
Befor the chylde on her knees con fall  
And broght her tresor and her gyftis all  
As reuorenly as they can dyvyse  
And hym presented on her best wyso

Lyke her estate ychon after other  
Makynge her present with all humylyte  
Lyke her age as brother after brother  
Golde france and myrre thei gaf hym all thro  
After custom of Parce and Calde  
For of that land when kyngis present make  
The custom is seche gyftis to take

And this was done with foysone and plente  
In verrey soth and grote habundaunce  
For in her present was noo skarste  
For of ryches thei had all suffyoyaunce  
Wherfor they cast with doyowt oboysaunce  
Of dew ryght with the chyld to part  
Of her tresor or that they depart

And that gold is payde for tribute  
 As hyt is fownde of antiquite  
 Therfor thes kyngis for a maner of sute  
 That they to hym owght of vorrey dowte  
 They broght hym gold owt of her contre  
 And gaff hym with owt repentaunce  
 Hooly of al her hart for a reconysaunce

And franke also as clerkis can devyse  
 Ordeyned ys in conclusyon  
 To God only to make sacryfysse  
 With contrite hart and devocion  
 Therfor to hym for oblacion  
 Thei broght hym to syngnyfye tham  
 That he was sothfast God and man

And for they wold in all thyng obey  
 To hys hones with all hor cure  
 That he schuld for monkynd dey  
 They broght hym myrre in sepultare  
 For lyke a mon deth he most endure  
 And with his blode schall in hys passyon  
 Of owre trespass mako redempcion

In franke also who so can dyscerne  
 Is understandon the majeste  
 Of hys power the whych that is eterne  
 And also hys hoo deite  
 And gold betokneth hys heo dignyte  
 And myrre betokneth to us at all  
 Of hys monliode that is mortall

And gold betokneth of love fervence  
That he to mon had of affeccion  
And franke betokeneth the soverayn excellencie  
In holynes of convarsasyon  
And myrre betokeneth hys trybulacyon  
That he suffurd and all the grete penaunce  
For us in erth by contynuaunce

In gold he was knownon as kyng  
In franke a prest who so can take hede  
Of myrre also thys day offurrying  
Was longyng only vnto hys monhede  
And thus he was withowtte any drede  
Bothe kyng and preste as I dyscerne can  
And for owre sake in erth bycom man

In gold also metall most glorious  
Fygured was hys hye deite  
In franke that was so precyous  
The sowle of Cryst most perfyt of degre  
And myrre betokeneth thorow hys dynynte  
The flesch the whych by dysposition  
May neuer suffur no corrupcion

And of thes gyftis so passyng reuerent  
Full of mystery and hevonly pryvete  
When thei had made her present  
Unto the chyld sytting on hur kne  
With grete avyse they began to behold and se  
Before they removed from that place  
Hys gudly chore and hys feyr face

Consyduryng hys feturis by and by  
 With grett insyght and humble entencyon  
 And euer the more they loked besyly  
 The more thei lyked in especyon  
 And thowght all in hor reson  
 Thof kynd and God had sett in won fygure  
 The bewte holy of euery creature

Hyt myght not in sothefastness haue ben lyke  
 To hys feyrnes nor peregall  
 For he that is above nature ryche  
 Hathe made thys chyld in specyall  
 For in hys face thei beheld all  
 The hooli bewte and feyrnes alsoo  
 Of hevon and erthe togeder bothe too

Therfor no wonder thowghf they hym delyte  
 Most passyng on hym to see  
 For they in hart rejoysed not a lyte  
 On hym to loke that they have lybarte  
 For euer the more pleynly that they bee  
 In hys presence the perfyt hote fyre  
 Of harty joy hem bront by dosyre

And of won thyng full gud heyd thei toke  
 How that the chyld domeverly cast his syght  
 Towarde hem and goodly bygan to looke  
 On her faces with hys eye bryght  
 And how he putt hys armes ryght  
 Goodly to hem makying a maner syngne  
 To hem of thonkyng with chere full bonygne

And of hys moder much thyng thei enquere  
 Towchyg hys byrthe with humble affeccion  
 And sche answered most femynyne of chere  
 Full prudently to euery questyon  
 With chere demeuer hur looke cast adown  
 With all the port of womonly clennes  
 Hurselv demenyng and chefly with mekenes

O sche that was of hevon and erthe quene  
 And of hell lady and eke princes  
 O who is alas that may sustene  
 To be proud consider her mekenes  
 O pryd alas O roote of owre destres  
 Thoff thou thi bost aboue the skyes blow  
 Thi byldyng hee schall be browght ful low

O thou syrquede alas why wyl thou se  
 How sche that hath heven in hur demeyn  
 And souereyne lade bothe of lond and see  
 And the axyltre betwene the pelys tweyne  
 And all the embrasyng of the goodly cheyne  
 Zyt vnto God I sey in sothenes  
 Above all this agreed is hur mekenes

O pompe elate with thi cheres bold  
 Remember and se and loke how that sche  
 On whom kyngis haue joy to behold  
 In hur presens to knelon on her kne  
 Thowgh sche of womonhede be hyest in degre  
 Take hede and se how lowly in a stabull  
 How that sche sat this lady worschypabull

Wer ther of gold any clothes fownde  
 Of sylke damaske or of tartryn  
 Or was ther arras abowt hur hede bownd  
 Or was ther any velvet or cymysyn  
 Or was ther any chamlyt or satyn  
 Or was ther any tapytys large or wyde  
 The naked grownd to keuer or hyde

Or was hur palys bylt with lyne and ston  
 Or the pylers sett with marbyl gray  
 Or the grownde pavyd on to gwon  
 Or fresch perlowres glased as bryght as day  
 Or wer ther any chawmburs of aray  
 Or for asstates was ther any hall  
 Save a dongon and an ox stall

Or of hur bed was ther any perayle  
 Of gold or sylke curteyned large abowt  
 Or wer ther schetis longe or wyde of entayle  
 Cutte of reynes nay withowtt dowte  
 Or wer ther any ladees hur abowtt  
 To hur plesaunce with all observaunce  
 Or maydons doyng any attendaunce

Oo as me semethe of verray dew ryght  
 Ye wemen all schuld take hede  
 With yor perles and yor ryche stonis bryght  
 How that yor quene flowre of womonhed  
 Of no devyse enbrowdyrd hath her wede  
 Ne forred with armyn nor with trysty gray  
 Ne martryn sable I trow in gad fay

Ther was non fowndon in hur garment  
 And yeitt sche was the feyrest won to see  
 That euer was under the fyrmament  
 Where fore me semeth ye schuld have peto  
 To se a lady of soo hee degré  
 So symple tyred O ye wymmen all  
 Behold how narow sche closed in an ox stall

Lett be yowre pride and yowre affeccyon  
 Of ryche aray and no thyng yow delyte  
 In wordly pompe and such abusyon  
 Of dyvarse clothe red black and whyte  
 And be well ware or the spere byte  
 Of cruell deth and the fell smart  
 My counsell is to lyft vp your hart

To that lady and that worthi quene  
 That may yow best help in yor nede  
 And yow releve in euery woo and tene  
 And delyver from all myschefe and drede  
 And thynketh pleynly and taketh gude hed  
 That all schall passe aray and eke ryches  
 When ye lest wene and all yor semelynes

Lett hem afore be to yow a kalendere  
 Ysowd Elyn and also feyr Polycene  
 Hester also and Dido with hur gudly chere  
 And ryche Candace of Ethiope the quene  
 Lye they not gravyn vnder clottis grene  
 And yett all this may not for prydé atame  
 Notwithstondyng that ye schall to the same

Eke after deth abydeth no memory  
For euer with deth cometh forgetfulnes  
And farewell then all grett aray and veyn glory  
Save only vartu that stondeth in sykerness  
I take record of all mckenes  
That is of holynes the well  
Of whom I thenke sothly to tell

How sche sate for all hur worthines  
Haldyng hur chyld full lowly on the grownde  
And kyngis knelyng as ye haue hard expresse  
Behold hur in vartu most habound  
Tyll at the last they haue a leysar fownd  
To take hor leyve and the same day  
They began to ryde homward by the way

And sewyng after the next nyght  
Whyll thei slepped at her loggyng place  
Ther com an angell apperyng with grotte lyght  
And warned hem that thei tooke not the trace  
By Herode but bad that they schuld pace  
Without abod in all the hast that they may  
To hor kyngdom howin by another way

And in schoort tyme to hor regyon  
They be repeyred the gospell telleth us  
And of her names to make mencion  
The fyrist in Ebrew was called Appollyus  
The next Amerous the thryd Damathus  
And in Greke the fyrist Galgala  
And Sarachym thryd Malgala

And in Latyn as bookis make mynd  
 The fyrst of hem was named Jaspere  
 And the secound pleynly as we fynd  
 Lykke my auctor reherse as I dare  
 Called and named was Baltysar  
 And the thryd ye geyte of mo no more  
 As I rede was called Melchyore

Of whos repeyre as som bokis sayn  
 That fyrst of all they went to the see  
 And retourned to hor kyngdom ageyn  
 They schypped hem at Tharsis the cete  
 For whech cursed Herode of cruelte  
 In Tharsis made all the schyppis brenne  
 Wheroft Davit wryteth in the sawter yf ye hit kenne

And vnto yow clerly to specyfye  
 Towchyngh this fest and this solempnyte  
 Wheroft is seyd thyse wordis Ephyphanye  
 Whych is a word of grette auctoryte  
 And seyde and compowned who that can see  
 Of *Epi* fyrst and *phanos* sothe to seyn  
 And oo word combyned of thes tweyn

Cometh thyn word of Ephyphanye  
 And this word *epi* by discrypçeyon  
 Is seyd of heght as I can sygnfyfye  
 And of a schynyngh by demonstracyon  
 Is *phanos* seyd and so by gud reson  
*Epi* and *phanos* bothe knytt in fere  
 Is a schewyng that doth on loft apore

And for this day aloft was the sterre  
 Whych Crystis byrth and his incarnacyon  
 With his stremis can schew from so fer  
 From Est to West in mony a regyon  
 Wherfor this fest by conclusyon  
 As ye before have hard me speyfy  
 This fest is called of Ephiphany

The whych fest hathe a prerogatyffe  
 Of myracles notable in specyall  
 For fowre thyngis wrowght in Crystis lyffe  
 Where won thys day by his power ryall  
 Tho forst of all most memoryall  
 Is of the kyngis as ye have hard me sayn  
 Whech were in ydyl to reherse ageyn

The secound is as hit is sothly told  
 That Cryst Jesu this day of Sentt Jon  
 The yere when he was xxx<sup>ii</sup> wynters old  
 Baptest was in the flem Jordon  
 At the whech tyme thre kyngis under won  
 Descended this day worthi of memory  
 The fyrist was that from the hye glory

The fadres voyse as clarkis lyst to endyte  
 Come downe to erthe that mon myght here  
 And lyke a dowve with fedurs whyte  
 The Holy Gost also dyd apero  
 And Cryst Jesu the fadurs son entere  
 Thys day apperyng in owre mortall kynd  
 Was of Seyn Jon baptyzed as I fynd

And for als moch as they all thre  
 Thys day were seyn by sothfast apparence  
 They beyng won in perfyte vnyte  
 Therfor thys day of most reverence  
 Named is trwly in sentence  
*Theophanes* for God in treble wyse  
 Thorin appered as ye have hard devyse

For *theos* is as moch to mene  
 As God in Englych yf ye lyst to see  
 And *phanes* a schewyng without any wene  
 As ye have harde reherse afore of mee  
 And for in erth won God in trynyte.  
 Thys day appered without any lye  
 Ye may trwly hyt call the Ephyphanye

Also when Cryst was passed xxx<sup>th</sup> yere  
 Thys day he turned water into wyne  
 That passyngly was to the chere  
 And of tarage inly gud and fyne  
 The whych he sent to Archytrychyne  
 And thys myracle inly vertuows  
 In Galile was schewed in an hows

Thys same day whech men dyd aspye  
 As holy chyreh maketh mencion  
 Therfor hys hyt named Bethphanye  
 For *beth* in Englych by dyscryspcion  
 Called is an hows or a mancion  
 Of whych meracle renowned of fame  
 Bethphanye thys day worthely hath the name

Also in the yero aforo hys passion  
 For in desert thys day also I red  
 With loves v thorow hys grote foysone  
 Fyve thowsand I fynde that he dyd fede  
 Of the whych myraole yf ye take hode  
 Thys day is named Phagyphanye  
 Lyke as hyt was fyrt called Ephypanye

For thys word *phagy* vnto owre entent  
 Is seyd of fodyng or ells refocion  
 For whych myraole passyng excellent  
 That is famous and of so hce renown  
 Lyke as the gospell maketh mencion  
 Thersor thys day among the tother all  
 Ye may justly Phagyphanye hit call

Now Cryst Jesu thys hee day and fest  
 We the beseche with hart wyll and thowght  
 Only of mercy to here owre request  
 For the myraoles that thou therin hast wroght  
 For love that the so fer haue soght  
 The wurthy kyngis that com owt of Calde  
 The to honor in Bedlem cete

And thorow prayer of thos thre  
 That for thi love taken here vyage  
 Jesu defende vs from adversyte  
 And make strong and sure in owre passage  
 In exile and perilous pylgrymage  
 Whech our fomen of malice and pryde  
 Haue thys lyue bysett hus on euery syde

The whych owre gold of perfyt charite  
 Wolde us bereve by persecucion  
 That we schuld offre of forvence vnto the  
 Of harty love and hee devocion  
 And eke owre franke of contemplacion  
 Wherwith we schuld make owre sacrifysa  
 Of hye dysdeyne and malice they dyspysa

For gold of trowth ys falsly now alayod  
 By fayned love and symylacion  
 And feyth with frawde is corrupt and afraied  
 With dowbull tongis and detaccion  
 Owre franke also of hee perfecccion  
 That schuld brenno clere aboue the skye  
 Is with cowod medled of envy

That hyt alas gyff may no lyght  
 In the sensure of trwe affeccion  
 For the day of trowthe is turned into nyght  
 Thorow wrang report and fals suspeccion  
 And thus gud feyth is rolled upso downe  
 And trw menyng darketh with a skye  
 That we in Englysch callon flaturye

And this offuryng gothe almost all wrong  
 Of gold of franke for owght I can aspye  
 And owre myrre hath ben behend long  
 Hus to presarve from all trechery  
 For now it is turned to ypoctysy  
 All owre holynes and that is ruthe  
 And cawse why for frawd hath banysched trowthe

But Cryst Jesu that all thys most amend  
 And that amysse in yche state redros  
 Thys heo fost such grace to us send  
 That we the gold of feythe and stabulnes  
 And eke the franke of perfyte holynes  
 May on this daye present vnto the  
 With all trow hart as dyd the kyngis thre

And grawnt also bothe to heo and low  
 To have such myrre in her advertence  
 That euery wyght hys owne fawtes know  
 And that no man be hasty of sentence  
 To doome lyghtly beforo or in absence  
 For sodyn doome mynged with ignorunce  
 Hath a long teyle sewyng of veniaunce

For in sothenes yf that euery man  
 Wold make a myrrour of hys own mynd  
 To deme hymself of thyng that he wele can  
 And open hys eyon that have ben long blynd  
 To se hys fawtes that he schuld wele fynd  
 Thow in soth for any hast or rape  
 Harmles from doome hys felow schuld askape

Now Cryst Jesu that knowest every hart  
 And no thyng may be hyd from thy presence  
 Ne from thyne oye declyne ne astart  
 Graunt vs thys day of thi magnyfycence  
 The gold of love the franke of innocencie  
 And the chast myrre of cleane intencion  
 So to present in owre oblacion

To thy hynes that hyt be acceptabull  
 Whyl that we lyf euor from yero to yero  
 As was the offuryng in Boodlem in a stabull  
 Made unto the and to thi moder dero  
 Of the kingis that with the stromos clero  
 Of a storr conveyed weron by graco  
 Wher thou lay to com to the place

And unto the this day we clopo and call  
 Thon blouful quone of kyngis emperes  
 That gaf thi son sowkyng in a stall  
 That chaste mylke of virgynall clennes  
 That thou thys fest O sterro of holynes  
 Convoyo owro offuryng to thi sterres see  
 Where neest thi son thou hast souerente

And gud lady in thys sorowfull vale  
 Of trowfull of woo and of hevynes  
 Sython thou of Jacob art the ryght scale  
 The way of love the laddur of holynes  
 Toward the cowrte the evon way to dres  
 And make thi men thyder to ascende  
 Where euer is blys and joy hath noon end

For certes modur in thys lyffe we lacke  
 Of sothfast joy all owre suffysaunce  
 Saf among we knele among the racke  
 Wherewith the son was sonytyme thi plesaunce  
 And as rejoysyng as by a remenbraunce  
 Only by lyknes to loke on thi ymage  
 And on thy son with hys feyr vysage.

But O allass ther is but a lyknes  
 Of portrature that dothe us grete offence  
 For we may not haue full the blessednes  
 Of thi vysage ner of thi presence  
 And so to us grote harme dothe apparence  
 When that we soon of owre dysyro that we faylo  
 We may welo pleyne but hyt wyl not avayle

Yett day by day of tru affeccion  
 We gwon of now thi lyknes for to se  
 Wherof o thyng we have compassyon  
 To se the bostes that so humble bee  
 To stand in betwene thi son and the  
 The rude asse and the ox also  
 And then we seyn compleynyng in owre wo

With all owre hart what thyng may this be  
 To se that lord in a racke lye  
 That hathe hevon vnder hys poste  
 And all thys world power hath to gye  
 Oo how is hyt that the regalye  
 Of hevon and erthe is browght down so low  
 That no mon lyst hys power unnethe know

And sodenly owre hartis begynneth cold  
 Sore astoneyed and is for wo ny mate  
 So grett a quene when that we behold  
 Aloon sytting and dysconsolate  
 So feyr so gud and of so hye astate  
 Most womonly and benyng of chere  
 Thi son and thou togedur bothe in fore

In the bondes of so narow a downione  
 Whereof all erth trembule schuld and quake  
 And every wyght by lamentacion  
 Wepe and pleyne syke and sorow make  
 O blesfull quene only for thi sake  
 To so on the non other a watyng  
 But beestes rude with hey hom selfe fedyng

But in won thyng comfort yett we fele  
 Oo gud lady sothly when we see  
 Thre worthy kyngis afore thi face knele  
 Bryngyng hor gyftis with all humlylte  
 And hem gouerne lyke to thi degro  
 With meke attendaunce and full besy cure  
 But all thys thyng we se but in pycture

Alas the whyle yett hyt dothe hus ese  
 And in party aswageth owre grevaunce  
 For no thyng may owre sorow so apese  
 As euer on the to haue a remembraunce  
 For in the is owre hol suffysaunce  
 And thowgh we lyve in langor for absence  
 Yet gud lady for thi magnyfycence

To thi sorvauntis of grace now see  
 And to thi son befor hus amene  
 Thys hee fest whech longethe unto the  
 In whych thow were honowred lyke a quene  
 With myrre and franke and gold that schynethe so  
 schene  
 Now for the honor thys day was to the  
 And for the love of the kyngis thre

When we schall part owt of thys wofull lyfe  
And make an end of thys captiwyte  
Of Heroudes thorow thys mortall stryfe  
The fend betrap us thorow hys cruelte  
That tyme lady of thy benyngnyte  
Ageynis the snares of thys dredfull warro  
To lyfe eterne be thow owre loode starre

Here endeth the offuryng verement  
Of thre kyngis with gud entent

## The Purificacion Marie

Glorye and preyse laude and hys honowre  
O bleafull quene be gevon unto the  
That were of the choson towre  
Surely grownded upon humylyte  
Schytte with the key of clene vrygynyte  
From all synne fully assured  
Of the Holy Gwost rownd abowte enmured

That neuer brennyng of no fleshly hete  
Assayle myght thy holy tabernacle  
With dew of grace thi closet was so swete  
Fulffylled with vertu oonly by myracle  
God chose thi wombe for hys tabernacle  
And halowed hyt so clene yn euery cost  
To make hyt secrary for hys own gost

Notwithstondyng that thou were so clene  
Above all other by eleccion  
Of mekenes only O thou hevon quene  
Thou lyst to haue noon indygnyacion  
The dayes passed of thi purgacion  
To fullfyll the precept of the law  
In euery thyng and not a poynte withdraw

But eyvon lyke as hyt is specyfyed  
 Levytyci who so can vnderstand  
 To the temple to be purfyed  
 Thou mekely com thyn offuryng in thyn hond  
 All be the law sett on the no bond  
 For hyt ther maketh mencyon  
 Towchynge the law of purgacion

If a wemon conseyve by a man  
 And have a chyld by meydlyng hem betwene  
 Yf he be a male the law tocheth than  
 Fowrty dayes that sche schuld be unclene  
 And kepe hur close that no mon schuld hur sene  
 And after that sche schuld hur offuryng  
 In law expressed to the temple bryng

But taketh hede now in conclusyon  
 How thys law lyke as ye schall fynd  
 Ne was not put but by condycyon  
 Only to hem that corrupt weron by kynd  
 Thorow towch of mon of such hit maketh mynd  
 The dayes nowmbred of hur purgacyon  
 The dayes nowmbred of hur oblacyon

And bryng a lampo the whych in sacrificio  
 Schuld all bo brent in the holy place  
 And a pejon as law doth dovyse  
 Sche schuld oke offur as for hur trespaco  
 And then all fylth from hur to enchase  
 Sche of prest halowed and sanctyfyed  
 Retowrned hom all fully purfyed

And yf sche had in hur posseassyon  
 Redely no lombe only for pouerte  
 Then schuld sche take for hur oblacion  
 Too turtull dowves and ther with all go fre  
 Or too pejonns lyke as ye may see  
 Levytyci whereas by dystynccyon  
 Of thys offuryng is made dyscryspeyon

But thys meyde who so con take hede  
 Excluded was for condycion  
 That bare hur chyld withowt mannis seede  
 Beyng cuer clene from all corrupcion  
 Waere thorow sche was from such oblacion  
 By law exempt and was under no charge  
 For hur clennes stondyng at large

For of hur wombe the cloysture vyrgynall  
 Euer was lyke bothe fyrist and last  
 Closed and schytt as castell principall  
 For the Holy Gost devysed hit and cast  
 And at bothe tymes schytt I lyke fast  
 In hyr chyldyng no more thorow got broke  
 At hyr conceyvyng then hyt was vnloke

For nature withowtt any stryff  
 Of repugnaunce or any recystence  
 Gaff thys meyde a specyall prerogatyf  
 As modor pured to haue experiens  
 Only of chyldyng and feele noon offence  
 Neyder of seknes nor of no woo  
 In travelyng as other wymmen doo

Sche was exempt from all such passyon  
 For hur clennes and so was non but sche  
 And yet hur tyme of puryfycacion  
 Sche dyd abyde of hur humlylyte  
 And lyke as law ordeyneth by dertre  
 After all thys of custum as sche owghtt  
 To the temple sche hur offryng brogħt

To geve ensampull only of meknes  
 To the law sche mekely wold obey  
 From poynt to poynte the gospel seyth expresse  
 And in no maner wold hit not with sey  
 And thowgh that sche bare of gold no key  
 To bye a lombe for pouert constreynyng  
 Yett full mekely to make hur offuryng

Brought too tutulles as hyt is soyde aforon  
 That was the offuryng of pore folke ychon  
 Whych to the temple when that sche hath boron  
 As custom was sche offurrod hym anon  
 And after that old Symeyon  
 With humble hart and full besy poyne  
 The chyld embracyng in hys armes twoyn

Of his modor gudly can he take  
 Of lonyng hart and grotte devocion  
 And such a joy of hym can he make  
 With in him self of her affeccion  
 That he ne cowde neyther by word ne sowne  
 Outward declaro neyther with chere ne face  
 The passyng joy that can hys hart embrace

And he was ryghtfull and hooly and vertuous  
 This old mon this blessed Symeon  
 Dredfull also and passyngly famows  
 Among the prestis to reede hem euerychon  
 That was expectaunt of full long agon  
 On the comfort and consolacion  
 Of Isrel in his entencion

For he had onswere of the Holy Gost  
 In his preyer that he schuld se  
 The byrthe of Cryst that is of power most  
 And eke fro dethe that he schall goo fre  
 To the tyme of his natiuite  
 And to the day with his eyn old  
 The byrth of hym that he may behold

The whych day is by grace com  
 And for that he by revelacion  
 The tyme knew he hath the way nom  
 To the temple with hye devocion  
 To se of Cryst the presentacion  
 How that Mare and Josopf also  
 The chyld present and hur offuryng do

And for that Cryst was the fyrst born  
 After the law in hys tender age  
 Not of Louy as ye have hard to foron  
 But of Juda comon by lynage  
 Therfor hys moder most holy of vysage  
 Hur offuryng made lyst not for to stryve  
 For hym agoyn to pay schylyngis syve

Lyke as the custom of the law was  
 Sche mekely made hys redempcion  
 And Symeon beholding all this case  
 Full stilly in his inapecpcion.  
 For love brennyng by affeccion  
 Of verrey hart sodenly abreyde  
 Holdyng the chyld even thus he seyde

O blestfull lord of thi hee grace  
 Yf that thou lyst now thou meyst me lete  
 Owtt of this lyfe in pees and rest pace  
 And suffer me to dye in quyote  
 For now to me detho is wonder swete  
 Now have I seyn thi helth and thi socour  
 And of monkynd lord and savyour

Whych thou hast dyght afor thi faccs all  
 Of ych pepul to make hem glad and lyght  
 To lette thy grace so to the erth fall  
 Thorow all the world to schow his beymis bryght  
 That may be called for comfort of hys lyght  
 Of foren folke the revelacion  
 The glory also and the salucion

Of Israel the pepull in speciall  
 To bryng hem owt of all darkenes  
 And Mary full mekely lystoneth all  
 And gan morveyly with grott avynses  
 Of the wordis that he can expresse  
 And Joseph oke dyd wonder also  
 And Symeon hem blosseyng both too

Spake to Mary and seyde in audience  
 Behold and se in thyn inspeccyon  
 How he is putte in ruyne and offence  
 Of mony won here in hys regyon  
 And to somme in resurreccyon  
 That releve thorow hys myghty grace  
 And thorow thi sowle schall a scharp swyrd pace

Of hartly wo to se hys passion  
 That passyngly schall bitter be and fell  
 To open hartis by confession  
 Hor synfull thowghtis oponly to tell  
 And Anna tho dowghter of Phanuell  
 Born of the tribe and of the kynrede  
 Called Asor sothly as I rede

That was that day runne far in age  
 Whech in the temple by contynnaunce  
 Sool by hurselv owt of maryage  
 Lay nyght and day in fastyng and penaunce  
 In wydowes habyte sad of countenans  
 And in preyer was hur besy cure  
 Whych in that owre of grace or aventure

Whon Cryst was thor with his moder dore  
 In the tyme of hys oblacio  
 This Anna como domuro and sad of chore  
 And unto hym with grotte devucion  
 When seo hym saw on knees fell down  
 Recomforted of all hur old smart  
 Hym honowryng with all hur hool hart

And seyd oponly that all myghten here  
 Beys merey and lyght in your entencion  
 And euery man be glad and of gud chere  
 For now is borne for owre salvacion  
 He that make shall owre redempcion  
 This yong chylde blessed mot he be  
 That me hath grawnted his face for to see

And then in sothe when euery thyng was done  
 After the law without excepcion  
 And that Anna and holy Symeon  
 Had of this chyld declaracion  
 As he have hard in conclusyon  
 The chyld and Joseph and his moder fre  
 Retourned hom in to Galeyle

Now me semeth in this hee ferye  
 That named is the Purificacion  
 Every mon owght to be merye  
 And with gud hart and hool intencion  
 Devoutly bryng his oblacion  
 And offur a turtul fyrst of innocence  
 And a dowve next for his offence

For grete mystery is in both tweyne  
 The toon comendyd for his chastite  
 And the tother yf I schall not feyne  
 Is symple and moke and withoutt cruelte  
 The turtull preyed of trowthe and honeste  
 And the dowve hath kyndly excellence  
 Of mekenes and hartyly pacyens

And he that well hys offeryng make aryght  
He may not fayle noon of both too  
Fyrst schyno in mekenes with his chast lyght  
As the turtull and therwith also  
Lyke the dowve bothe in wele and woo  
Hys hart dawnt so by temperance  
To voyde rancour and plante in sufferaunce

And as the turtull by contemplatyffe  
For synne sorowethe with waymentyng  
Oonly for loue of thys eternall lyffe  
That lasteth cuer and may haue noon endyng  
And as the bryd scheweth the comyng  
Of greene veer with fresch buddes new  
Ryght so of vertu with floures feyre of hew

He must ensampul of the turtull take  
And be well ware that he not no vary  
But to lyfe sool when he hath lost his make  
And in preyer be also solytary  
And loke alway that he not ne tary  
On no careon of no fleshly hede  
And with all this to take also hede

That he his lyfe lede not in veyn  
But lyke a dowve bysly aspye  
Wher he of vertu gedur may the greyne  
And that he fle not owt of company  
Wantyng also the gall of envy  
And that he have cuer indignacion  
Thorow synfull lust full of corrupcion

On ony careon to fostren hym and fede  
 And euer more with all his besy peyne  
 Exschewyng synne loue God and drede  
 And with the dowve syke and compleyne  
 For hys offence aуд with wyngis tweyne  
 Take his flyght as far forthe as he can.  
 Thorow perfyt loue bothe to God and man

And as the dowve towcheth hur make  
 Only by cussyng when they togedur goon  
 So muste he whether he slepe or wake  
 Thorow charyte sett his hart in won  
 And lyke a dowve make his rest in ston  
 This is to say among all his plesaunce  
 He must his flesch dawnt with penawnce

And as a dowve with hur eyon meke  
 Of kynd aspyeth amyd the revere  
 The hawkes schadow when he dothe hir seke  
 And flyeth away or he come any nere  
 Ryght so must he with perfyt eyon clere  
 Amyd the watres full of wo and stryf  
 In the wawes of this mortall lyfe

The deedly schades of the fend eschew  
 That wayteth hym with snares large and huge  
 And to the deethe euer doth hym purswe  
 To trappe hym here in the deluge  
 And lyke a dowve fle to his refuge  
 By grace only yf he may askape  
 Or deth betrasche hym with hys sodeyn rape

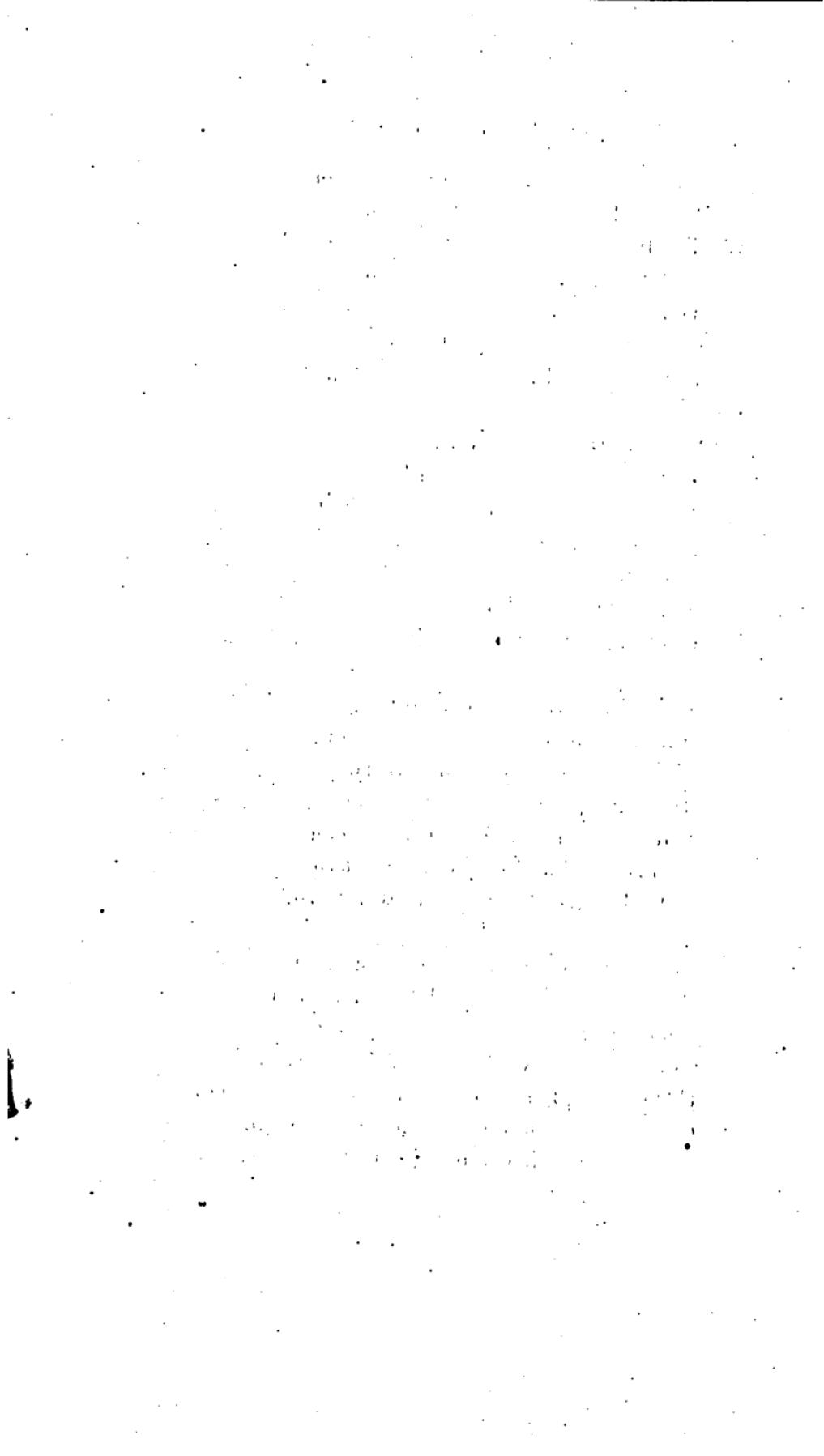
And who by clennes with the turtull fletch  
 As I to foron have made mencion  
 And lyke the dowve asorn his perel seth  
 Of deth to eschew the persecucion  
 And to be meke in all tribulacion  
 I dar record and wryte hit for sothe  
 Trewly to God he is offuryng doth

But who that euer lyveth in chastete  
 And hath envy enclosed in his thowght  
 He may well offur what so that he be  
 To God a turtul but the dowve noght  
 Wherefore thei must be togedur browght  
 That clennes by sothfast vnyto  
 Without partyng be knyth in chasteti

And sothely then is ther no more to seyn  
 When his offeryng and his oblacion  
 Is justly made to God of both tweyn  
 Hit is accepted to more deuocion  
 And for to make a schort descripcion  
 Of the turtul and of the dowves kynd  
 Rede thes versus and ye schall hit fynd

Alta petit turtur cantando gemit vemens ver  
 Nunciat et caste viuit solusque moriatur  
 Pullos nocte fouet morticimumque fugit  
 Grana ledit volitat sociata cadavera vitat  
 Folle caret plangit sociumque per oscula tangit  
 Petra dat hinc nidum fugit hostem in flumine visum  
 Rostro non ledit geminos pullos bene nutrit

Amen



## The Incarnation.

The Almyghty Kyng of blys  
*Assumpsit carnem virginis*  
As holy kyrke makys mynd  
*Intravit ventris thalamum*  
From heuyin to ertho to sauē monkynd  
*Pater misit filium*  
Of Marye mylde Cryste wolde be borne  
*Sine virili semine*  
To sauē monkynd that was forlorne  
*Prime parentis crimine*  
To Mare came a messengere  
*Ferens salutem homini*  
Sche answered hym with myld chere  
*Ecce ancilla Domini*  
Mekely on the thow Holy Goste  
*Palacium intrans uteri*  
Of althyng meknes is moste  
*In conspectu Altissimi*  
When he was borne that made all thyng  
*Pastor creator omnium*  
Angellis thei began to syng  
*Veni redemptor gencium*  
Thro kyngis come on gud xij day  
*Stella mycante pervia*

To soche that chylde thei toke tho way  
*Portantes sibi munera*  
A sterne forth ladde theis kyngis all  
*Inquirentes Dominum*  
Lyyng in a nasse stall  
*Invenientem puerum*  
For he was kyng of kyngis heghe  
*Rex primus aurum optulit*  
And allso lorde and kyng full ryght  
*Secundus rex thus portulit*  
For he was God mon and kyng  
*Mirra mortem retulit*  
He hus all to heuyn bryng  
*Qui mortem crucis voluit*

**Explicit**

## **Ecce Ancilla Domini**

Seyde the virgyn withowtyn vice  
When Gabriell hur gret graciously  
That holy pynakell perued of price  
Of the schall sprynge a full swete spice  
Then seyde the meydon full myldely  
And sythen I ame so lytull of price

*Ecce Ancilla Domini*

Heyll be thou gracius withowtton gillte  
Maydon borne alderbest  
Wythin thi body schall be fulfyllyd  
That all these prophetes haue preached so preste  
God will be borne within thi brest  
Then seyde tho meydon full myldely  
To me he schall be a welcom geste

*Ecce Ancilla Domini*

Bot when sche sawe an angell bryght  
Sche was aferde in all her thoght  
And of his speche elles wonder sche myght  
Then seyde the angell drede the noght

A blestfull tythyng I have the breght  
 Thon soyde tho meydon full myldely  
 Os God will so be it wroght

*Ecce Ancilla Domini*

That angell soyde conceyve thou schalt  
 Within thi body bryght  
 A childe that Jesus schall be called  
 That is graco Goddis son of myght  
 Thow art his tabernakull I dyght  
 Thon soyde tho meydon full myldely  
 Sothon he soyde nouer ageyn ryght

*Ecce Ancilla Domini*

Call hym Jesus of Nazareth  
 God and mon in on degro  
 Ryght os mon schall suffor dethe  
 And regne in David dignite  
 A blestfull worde he sende to the  
 Then soyde tho meydon full myldely  
 Hu schall be dore welcum to mee

*Ecce Ancilla Domini*

Bot with mannis modo nouer I metto  
 Now lorde how schall I go with chylde  
 Then soyde the angell that her grett  
 • With non suchu thou schalt bo fylde  
 The holy geste will in the byldon  
 Then soyde the meydon full myldely  
 Os God will so be it done

*Ecce Ancilla Domini*

When the angoll was vaneschched avey  
Sche stode in stody all in hur thoght  
And to herselfe sche can sey  
All Goddis wille schall be wroght  
For he is well of all witte  
As wytnesse well his story  
At that worde knot was knytte

*Ecce Ancilla Domini*

the best and most abundant material for the study of the development of the nervous system in the vertebrates. The following is a brief account of the main features of the development of the nervous system in the vertebrates.

## Ave Regina Celorum

Heyle be thou Mary the moder of Cryste  
Heyle be the bleste that euer bare chylde  
Heyle be thou conseuyde all by lyste  
Thi son Jesus bothe meke and mylde  
Heyle meydon swete that neuer was fylde  
Heyle weyle and wytte of all wysdum  
Heyle feyrer then tho flowre unfylde

*Ave Regina Celorum*

Heyle comly qwene comforth of care  
Heyle godly lady bothe feyr and bryght  
Heyle tho socur of all owre sare  
Heyle tho lampe that lenys hus lyght  
Heyle godly lady in the was plyght  
Tho joy of man bothe all and sum  
Heyle tabarnakull hee on heyght

*Mater Regis Angelorum*

Heyle cumly qwene tho fayrest of all  
Heyle in the owre blys is bredde  
Heyle on the all wemen wyl call  
When thei with chylde ben by stedde

Heyle that all fyndes wyll drydde  
 And schall do to the day of dom  
 With meydyns mylke thi chylde thou fydde

*O Maria flos Virginum*

Heyle tho feyrest of all gud fame  
 Heyle that God schase to his bowre  
 Heyle tho lainpe that cuer is lyghtand  
 To hye and lowe to ryche and pore  
 Heyle swetur then ony savowr  
 Heyle that all owre joy of come  
 Heyle of all women frute and flowre

*Velud rosa vel lillium*

Heyle gudly growndor of all grace  
 Heyle bllestfull starne of tho see  
 Heyle tho saluer of owre solace  
 Heyle tho chefe of chastite  
 Heyle tho well of all meroy  
 Heyle that bare God of heyvon  
 Heyle tho tempull of tho trinite

*Funde preces ad filium*

Hele bllestfull virgyn of all virgyns  
 Heyle moydyn modur and bllestfull mey  
 Heyle the norse of swete Jesus  
 Heyle gudly qwene as thou wele mey  
 Heyle he lady to thi son thou prey  
 That we mey cum to his kingdome  
 For hus and for all oder thou prey

*Et pro salute fidelium*

## The Masse.

The worthyest thyng most of gudnes  
In all the worde that is tho masse  
In olde bokys of holy kyrke  
That holy men in tyme con wyrke  
Tho masse is preyed so mony a folde  
That tho vertues mey neuer be tolde  
For yf a thowsand clerkis dyd noght ellis  
Af os tho olde bokis hus tellis  
But told tho vertu of tho masse syngyn  
And tho proffet of tho mas heryng  
Yitt schulde thei neuer tell tho v. parte  
For all ther wytt and all ther arte  
And tho vertu and tho pardon  
To theym that with devocyon  
In clonnes and in gud entent  
Dose wyrschyp to tho sacrament  
In a boke fynd I of a man  
That Jeromye was his name  
A devowte man in relygius  
And in his boke he speketh thus  
He seyse thou schuld gud tent take  
And at mas no jangulyng make

Gret ensampull he settis therto  
 Why hit is full ewyll to do  
 Also he tellis this manere  
 How thou schall thi mas here  
 Wheder tho prest soy or syng  
 To hym thou take gud herkynnyng  
 When tho prest preyse in prevete  
 Tyme of preyer hit is to the  
 When I upon a boke fyrist knew hit  
 Thus into Ynglysch I drew hit  
 When tho prest revestis hym mass to begyn  
 And mekis hym to God for his syn  
 Sey ye with hym *Confiteor*  
 Or ellis in Ynglysch thus therfor

I know me to God full of myght  
 And to his moder meydyn bryght  
 And to all tho halowys hero  
 That I a wretched synner  
 And to the my fader gostly  
 That I haue synnyd largely  
 In thoght in dode in dolye  
 In wurd in warke I am to wyte  
 And full worthy blame  
 Therfor I preye sent Mary  
 And all tho halowys holy  
 In Goddis holy name  
 That God of hus haue mercy  
 And the prest to preye for me  
 For his manhede  
 And of my wretched synfullnes

To gyff me grace and forgyfnes  
 Of all my myssdede  
 When thou thi *Confiteor* thus has done  
*Pater Noster* and *Ave* sey fast theron  
 Then without any terryng  
 Thus on this wyse be thou seyng

God for thi gudnes  
 At tho bygynnyng of this mas  
 Grante all that hit schall here  
 Of concoyonse to be clene and elere  
 Lorde tho proyst that hit schall sey  
 From temptacion this ylke day  
 That he be clene in dede and thoght  
 That evylle spretis noy hym noght  
 That he fullifyll tho sacrament  
 With clene herte and gud entent  
 Fyrst hyle to hym honowre  
 That suffreyn is and socowre  
 And to thi moder meydyn clene  
 And to thi halowse all by done  
 And to all that is sowle helo  
 Helpe and grace and all kyn wele  
 And to all that we haue in mynde  
 Syb or frenyd be any kyndo  
 Gud lorde grande to them for this masse  
 Of all theror synnis forgyfnes  
 And resto and pese that lastis ey  
 To Crystyn sowlys passyd awey  
 And to hus all his socor he send  
 And bryng hus all to a gud ende

Yf thou ought of letteris kon  
 To tho pryst thou herkyn then  
 Hys offyso prers and his pystyll  
 And answer ye hym with gud wyll  
 Or on a boke thi selfe rede  
 I wot ther is non vnspede  
 And thou kan not rede ne sey  
 Thi *Pater noster* thou reyherse ey  
 Tyll dekyn or prest tho gosspell rede  
 Therto loke thou take ryght gud hede  
 At tho begynnyng gud tent thou take  
 And a large crosse on the thou mako  
 Seyng thus on this manere  
 As thou mey se wrytyn here  
 In the name of tho fader tho son tho holy goste  
 And stydfaste God of myghtis moste  
 Be Goddis worde welcum to me  
 Joy and blys lorde be to the  
 After tho gospell and tho erode  
 The tyme is nere withowte drode  
 That men schulde profer ther offorondis  
 Or tho prest tako water to his hondis  
 Offer or leue wheder the lyst  
 How thou schall prey I wolde thou wyst  
 Als no as hit is wrytyn I rode thou sey  
 On this maner thi God to prey

Jesus that was in Bedlem borne  
 And iij. kyngis come the beforne  
 There offorde golde sense and myrre  
 Thou forsoke none of ther

Bot send them wele all thre  
Home ageyne to there cunre  
Ryght so owre offorondis that we offor  
And owre preyers that we profer  
Thou take lorde to thi louyng  
And be owre helpe in all thyng  
That all perels be for done  
And thi gud grace thou grante us sone  
All owre mysdede that we amende  
In all owre nede hus socor thou sende

After the weschyng tho preyst wyl lowte  
Tho awter kyste and storne hym abowte  
Then he askis with stylly steyuin  
Ylke manse preyer to God of heyuin  
Seche preyer I wolde we toke  
As nexte foloys in tho masse boke  
Tho holy goste that is on hyght  
Sende hus gracie to leue ryght

AMEN

Explicit



## That Pess May Stond.

Ihesu that was borne of Mare fre  
As he hafe power and mey best  
Sauē all in gud prosperite  
That feyne wolde sette this reme in rest  
And send whom luf and charite  
That feyth were wonis among hus fast  
For by my trothe hit is pete  
To wytte tho pepul so sore dystrest  
As thei have byn be est and west  
Robbud and slene thoro owt this longde  
All myzthe Jhesu os he mey best  
Lene hus grace nowe that pese mey stond

For I haue myche mervel of mony men  
That of more myscheue wold be fulle feyne  
And syche as kan no resun ken  
That woldo thor schulde be trobul ageyne  
And haso hade knoleg whar and when  
How mony a gud mon has bon slene  
Mo thynke that konsyonis schuld hom ken  
To pray for pes with all thes mene  
That lord that for hus soffurd pene

And markud Adam apon tho sond  
 Send luf and charete home ageyne  
 And lene hus grace that pes may stond  
 And he that more unpes wolde haue  
 Within this reme be day or nygthe  
 I pray to God he be not save  
 But on hym selve that hyt mey lyghte  
 For ther ar mony a lyder knave  
 That in the fylde wolde feyntly sygth  
 But trwe mens gud zyt wolde thei have  
 To robbe and reve them of ther rygth  
 Jesus os he is most of mygth  
 Send luf and charite in to this londe  
 That consyons moth kepe his kandul lygth  
 And lene hus grace now that pes may stonde

Be mony insampuls men mey see  
 That we plesc not all owre God to pey  
 For hare be fore in yeris thre  
 Mych of owre welth hase wastud awey  
 With grete darthe and poverte  
 And unkyndle wedurs be nygth and dey  
 Waters stronke and flosis hee  
 Whyche dystryde bothe korne and hey  
 And amonke howr selfe byn mony a frey  
 Be northo and sowthe thore owte this londe  
 Almygthy JESUS os he best mey  
 Lone hus grace nowe that pes moght stonde

Ilyt were grote nede to pray for pes  
 And fro all sech folys hus defendo

For loke synthon waris began to ses  
How feire insampuls God has hus sende  
And lyke thoro grace that tho worde schuld mende  
Tho sesonabuldst wedur withowton leyse  
That euer mon sawe dryvun tyl a nende  
And feyr on gronde kon kornis incres  
Were luf and charite with hus blend  
That concions myghth regne within this londe  
Then schulde owre trobul be at a nende  
And I trust to God that pes schulde stonde

To prey for luf and charite  
Hit was neuer so mycul nede  
For we haue lost in yeris thre  
Mony dughth mon of dede  
Yette wolde we all truwe men be  
And holde togeder when we haue nede  
With tho grace of God and owre Lade  
Hus thurt no noder nacions drede  
We ar yette enoo so God me spedē  
To defendo owre enmys owt of this londe  
That lordo that on a rode kon blode  
Lene hus grace now that pes may stonde

Wolde we be trwe in fylde and towne  
And all men held apon a syde  
With tho ryght of Ynglonde and tho cron  
And lott no falsdom be owre gyde  
Yf that our enmys wolde be boyne  
Agenis hus for to go or ryde  
And we wolde fare with no tresond

We schulde be abull to fel ther pride  
That lorde that sofurd wondis wyde  
Sende luf and charite into this londe  
That concyons myghth among us byde  
And lene hus grace now that pes mey stonde

And Mare mylde that neuer hade make  
Prey to thi son bothe dey and nyghth  
Lene hom grace seche conseil take  
That mey be plesand to God Almyghth  
And all falsdam to forsake  
And euery mon holde with trothe and ryght  
And then schulde welthe and worchyp wake  
And ful grete grace among hus lyghth  
Jesus as he ys most of myghth  
Lene hus grace now that pes myghthe stonde  
And bryng hus all to that bygyng bryghth  
Thor joy and blys ys euer lastonde

Explicit quod Heego

## Verbum Caro Factum Est

I passud thorow a garden grene  
I fond a herbere made full newe  
A semelyor syght I haff noght sene  
O ylke tree sange a tyrtull trew  
Theryn a maydon bryght off hew  
And euer sche sange and neuer sche sesest  
Thies were the notis that sche can schew  
*Verbum caro factum est*

I askud that mayden what sche ment  
Sche bad me byde and I schuld here  
What sche sayd I toke gude tent  
In hyr songe had sche voice full clere  
Sche said a prynce withouten pere  
Ys borne and layd betwene to best  
Therfore I synge as ye mey here  
*Verbum caro factum est*

And thorought that frythe as I can wend  
A blestfull zit hard I mo  
And that was of three scheperdis bend  
*Gloria in excelsis Deo*

## 158 VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST.

I wold noght they had faren me fro  
And ethyr them full fast I prest  
Then told thei me that thei sange soou  
For *Verbum caro factum est*

They said that songe was this to sey  
To God aboun be joy and blysse  
For that yn erth also we pray  
Tyll all men that yn goodnesse ys  
The may that is withowten mysse  
Hasse borne a child betwene to bestes  
Scho is the cause theroff I wysse  
That *Verbum caro factum est*

I fared me furthe yn that frythe  
I meit three comely kyngis with gone  
I spod me furth to spoke them with  
And on my knees I kneled done  
The ryalest of hem to me com rene  
And said wo farred wele at the fest  
Fro Bethleem now ar we bone  
For *Verbum caro factum est*

For wose God be comm in mannis flesh  
That hote hasse broght off all our bele  
Away owre synnis for to wesche  
A mey hym harburd yn hur hall  
Scho socourd hym sothty yn hur sale  
And held that hend yn hur arrest  
Full trewly may sche tell that tale  
That *Verbum caro factum est*

Untyll that prynces wyll we pray  
Als sche is bothe moder and mayd  
Sche be our helpe als sche wele may  
To hym that yn hur lappe was layd  
To serue hym we be prest and payd  
And therto make we oure behest  
For I hard when sche sung and said  
*Verbum caro factum est*

Explicit quod John Hawghton



## Deo Gracias.

In a kyrke as [I] can knele  
This endyrs-dey be a wode syde  
Me lyked tho servys wonder wele  
For thi tho lengur I can abyde  
I sawe a clerke a boke forthe bryngē  
That pryked was in mony place  
Fast he soght what he schulde syngē  
And all was Deo Gracias

And alle tho queresters of that quere  
On that worde fast con thei crye  
Tho noyse was gud and I drogh nere  
And calde a prest fullo preuelye  
I seyd Syr for yowre curtesye  
Telle me now yf ye hafe space  
What hit meneth and for whye  
Ye syng thus Deo Gracias

In sylke that comly clerke was clade  
And on a letterne leyned hee  
And with his worde he made me glade  
And seyd son I wylle telle thee

